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# HAND BOOK

FOR THE

# Albany Rural Cemetery,

WITH AN

## APPENDIX ON EMBLEMS.

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BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

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ALBANY:  
VAN BENTHUYSEN PRINTING HOUSE.  
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"And behold, there was a great earthquake, for the Angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow. And for fear of him, the keepers did shake, and became as dead men."—MATTHEW XXVIII, 2, 3, 4.

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OF THE

### ALBANY CEMETERY ASSOCIATION.

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#### Superintendent and Surveyor:

JEFFREY P. THOMAS.



## HINTS TO THE VISITOR.

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AS we deem it superfluous to apologize to you—especially if it happens that you are a stranger to these highly diversified grounds, with their weirdly wrought net work of serpentine avenues and paths, so perfectly bewildering in the intensity of its complication—for introducing to you this little manual, and recommending it as an intelligent and agreeable companion for a ramble among the Silent, we will lose but little time in proceeding to explain how you may avail yourself of its services to the best advantage.

We imagine that if, upon the occasion of your first visit, you undertake to explore the Albany Rural Cemetery entirely unassisted, you will find the task to involve a geographical puzzle about as intricate as any that can easily be condensed within the limits of two hundred and thirty acres. Now, permit us to show you how this puzzle can be quietly unraveled without the aid of an obtrusive or garrulous instructor.

In the first place we would suggest a look at the map that nestles just inside the nether cover of this book. A single glance will discover to you that the occupied portions of the grounds are subdivided (nature herself has made three grand divisions) into a great many numbered sections, each one of which is circumscribed by a road or roads. It is obviously unnecessary to inform you

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that these subdivisions are intended to facilitate the finding of any particular spot or object that you may wish to reach.

You will readily conceive that you can locate the vicinity of whatever you desire to find much easier by knowing what section it is in than by being told that it is on such or such an avenue, path, ridge or hill. An avenue or path may be of considerable length, and may bound upon one side or run through a number of sections. So it is evident that such a clue is comparatively indefinite.

Then, again, the names of these upon the map may defy your closest scrutiny for a time, while a section number—particularly here for the numbers are very regular—will be quickly discovered.

Having given you a general idea of the utility of the section system, let us now request you to examine the map more minutely. In some part of every section you will notice a small cross. The significance of this and one of its uses we will explain by illustration, as follows: Suppose that in wandering over the grounds you become bewildered and lose all knowledge of your location and of the points of the compass. In trying to untangle the snarl, in your judgment, you are moving along at random, when your attention is attracted by a low wooden post near the roadside surmounted by an iron cap which bears the abbreviation "Sec." and the number—we will say, 100. You look at your map and find section 100. The cross or obelisk in that section shows the exact location of the post at your feet.

By this reference your absolute as well as your relative position is immediately determined, the kinks are nicely smoothed out of your organ of

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locality, and off you go to—again get lost perhaps, and again to consult your undeviating land mark. You can never go far without finding it, as the sections are generally small, and each one is designated by a section post conspicuously placed.

As to the superiority of the plan we have adopted in this manual with a view to giving you a good general idea of the beauties of the Cemetery, without unnecessary travel or loss of time, opinions may differ. The *TOUR* is the popular route (for carriages at least), but its appropriation does not suit our present purpose.

Nature, as we have said, has made three grand divisions of the grounds, which are known respectively as the *NORTH RIDGE*, the *SOUTH RIDGE* and the *MIDDLE RIDGE* and we have concluded, in this instance, to take the cue from Nature by marking out a distinct route for each division.

This plan we consider the best for the guidance of a person unfamiliar with the grounds. He will be less liable to lose his bearings than if he follows the mystifying *TOUR*, and his interest in the attractions will not be diluted by the reflection that he has crossed and recrossed the same ravine and has been on and off the same ridge several times during his erratic journey.

After you have become acquainted with the grounds by the means we have indicated, we fancy you will find that a trip around the *TOUR* will admit of pleasurable repetition more frequently than if you had chosen this superficial route upon the occasion of your first visit, thereby skimming off the cream of attraction too rapidly for mental assimilation.

You will probably infer from the tone of our  
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greeting that we are exclusively enlisted in the service of "The man who walks." If so, your surmises are well founded, for, in our humble opinion, the person who thoroughly enjoys the "contemplative recreation" to be found within the limits of an extensive Rural Cemetery—that school of instruction, as a celebrated writer has called it, in architecture, sculpture, landscape gardening, arboriculture and botany—is in this connection essentially peripatetic.

The pedestrian only will find a short cut to an inviting eminence by mounting its acclivitous side. He will monopolize the privilege of traversing moss-clad ravines, whose perennial streams seem specially made to soften the midsummer's heat for his particular benefit. Many an extra "sermon in stones" will be read to him, many a chaste little gem of emblematic sculpture, that is rendered doubly interesting from its sequestered situation—from the disposition evinced to hide it away from unsympathizing scrutiny—will whisper to him of true love, or grief, or lasting remembrance, which a carriage ride will not reveal.

If you desire to obtain a good knowledge of what the Albany Rural Cemetery contains, we recommend that you devote at least two days to the object. An exploration of the *SOUTH RIDGE* alone, if you simply use the means of locomotion that were born with you, will probably give you sufficient physical and mental exercise for one day. Then the *MIDDLE* and *NORTH RIDGES* might successively be traversed upon the occasion of your next visit.

If you should prefer to ride you can, of course, accomplish the entire trip—although, no doubt,

with less satisfaction—in a single effort. If, in either riding or walking, you should choose to pick out a route of your own you will still find this manual useful, as its index will refer you to the page upon which you can see some allusion to any prominent object that attracts your attention. The perusal of this will also indicate to you the Sections in which lie many of the illustrious dead who are interred in the Cemetery.

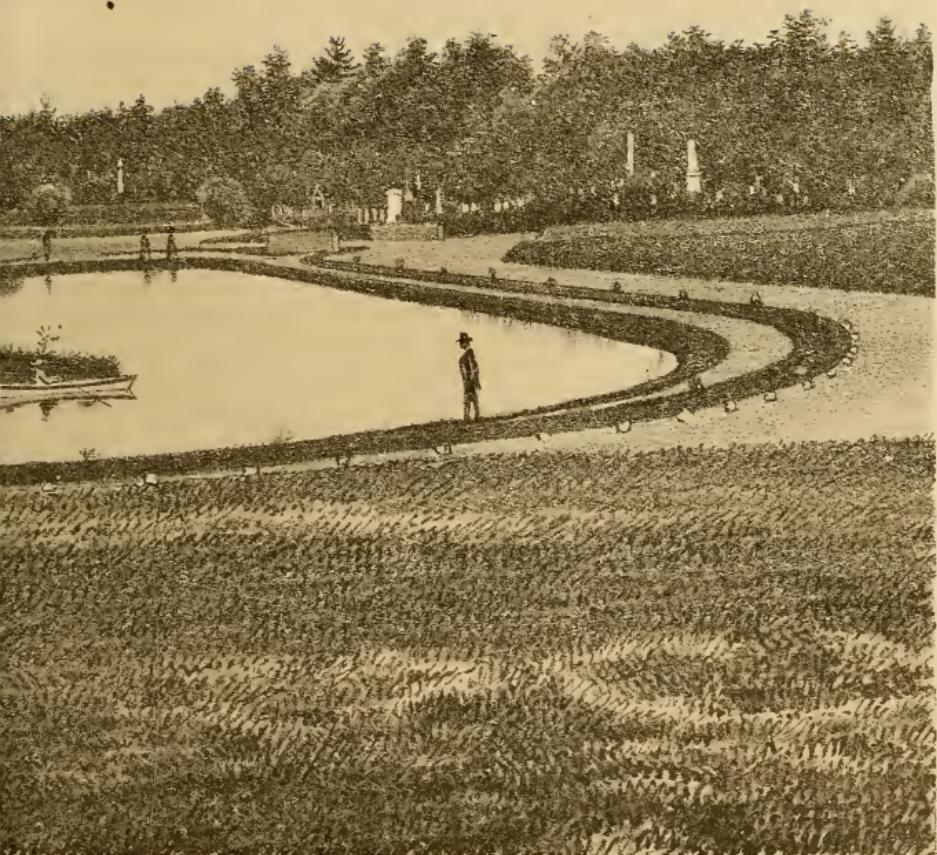
Here it seems proper to mention, that in the preparation of this little companion for the visitor, we are indebted to the courtesy of several Albany gentlemen for data concerning the noted personages referred to. The valuable works of Mr. Joel Munsell have also been consulted, and have afforded pertinent information that was not otherwise accessible.







CYPRE



Lith of G.W.Lewis 452 Broadway Albany

WATER



# THE ALBANY RURAL CEMETERY.

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## SOUTH RIDGE.

IT is totally unnecessary to give, even to the most perfect stranger, any specific directions for reaching the Albany Rural Cemetery. The grounds are located with sufficient precision when we tell you that they will be found not far from the western banks of the Hudson, about midway between the universally known and flourishing cities of Albany and Troy.

Almost any resident child ten years of age, in either of the places named, can inform you how to find the outer gate on the Watervliet turnpike; and assuming that you have already arrived there, we will request the pleasure of accompanying you through the splendid avenue that leads to the principal entrance.

Here we strike the *TOUR*, which bends to the northwest just beyond the Superintendent's office.

A few steps up this winding slope and we meet an avenue that diverges to the southwest, called *MOUNT WAY*—an avenue that is destined to open up to us the internal grandeur of the *SOUTH RIDGE*, to which division of the grounds we have already commenced to pay our respects.

But let us stop here a moment for a quiet survey of the initial attractions. In the first place, the neatly arranged foregrounds will receive an unspoken compliment, and then we will turn our attention to the monuments which flank them on the west.

Immediately in front of us stands the granite obelisk of MOSES PATTEN, while away to the right, rearing its lofty head high up among the trees, we see a massive shaft ornamented by a medallion head. That is the memorial of JOEL RATHBONE, and enjoys the distinction of being the most ponderous monument upon the grounds. You will scarcely realize from this distance that its size is more than ordinary, but if at any time you should feel disposed to ascend to the elevation upon which it

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stands for a closer view, you will decide with us that it is no small affair.

As we are still standing in front of the PATTEN monument, we will take advantage of this favorable opportunity to call your attention to a plain illustration of the system of sectioning now in operation here. On either side of the road you will notice a low section post—a feature of which we have already spoken in our “Hints.” That one on the easterly division of the foregrounds shows, by the character on its face, that it designates Section Two. You perceive at once that Section Two consists of a portion of ground defined in its outlines by certain roads of the Cemetery, and naturally infer that the extent of every other section is similarly determined. This system was chosen and applied by Superintendent J. P. Thomas, during the year 1870.

Now let us resume our ramble. Turning into *MOUNT WAY* we pass HOYT and VAN SCHAICK, and immediately find ourselves facing the stately free-stone of STEPHEN ALDEN. At the time of its erec-

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tion this was considered the finest freestone monument on the grounds. Bending round ALDEN northerly, still in *MOUNT WAR*, we pass the neat lot of A. WELLS, and on the opposite side we see a low monument, which, if for no other reason, is worthy of notice for having been the first granite structure erected in the Cemetery. It commemorates THOS. HILLHOUSE, who died ten years before the incorporation of the Cemetery Association. At that time the greater portion of what is now the *SOUTH RIDGE* was a part of the farm of Mr. HILLHOUSE. This portion of the grounds was subsequently deeded to the Association by his heirs; and the old gentleman, who was first buried outside the Cemetery, was finally brought here to stay. His son, JOHN HILLHOUSE, who still lives, was one of the first surveyors of this institution.

Passing the lot of WELLS and ADAMS, we meet the handsome BLEECKER freestone. Here let us call your attention to an unpretending lot just north of BLEECKER, which is surrounded by an iron fence

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lined with low evergreens. That is where THURLOW WEED expects, eventually, to find lasting repose from the cares and excitement of public life. You see that here he is not inclined for display—a peculiarity frequently found in men of his calibre.

Now we pass SLINGERLAND, and the pretty monument of GREGORY on the eminence before us, is seen. On the circular lot above and beyond the GREGORY monument stands the memorial of JARED L. RATHBONE, in design a counterpart of the Tomb of SCIPIO.

Here *MOUNT WAY* takes an abrupt turn to the southwest, and, after leading us up a steep grade past the monuments of HARRIS and NEWLAND and JAMES McCCLURE, again sweeps suddenly in the opposite direction. We follow its windings and, passing the memorials of Dr. GANNON and E. E. KENDRICK, find ourselves standing upon the north side of a richly carved Gothic pedestal surmounted by a figure of Faith. This is Wm. H. DE WITT's monument—an object that we will

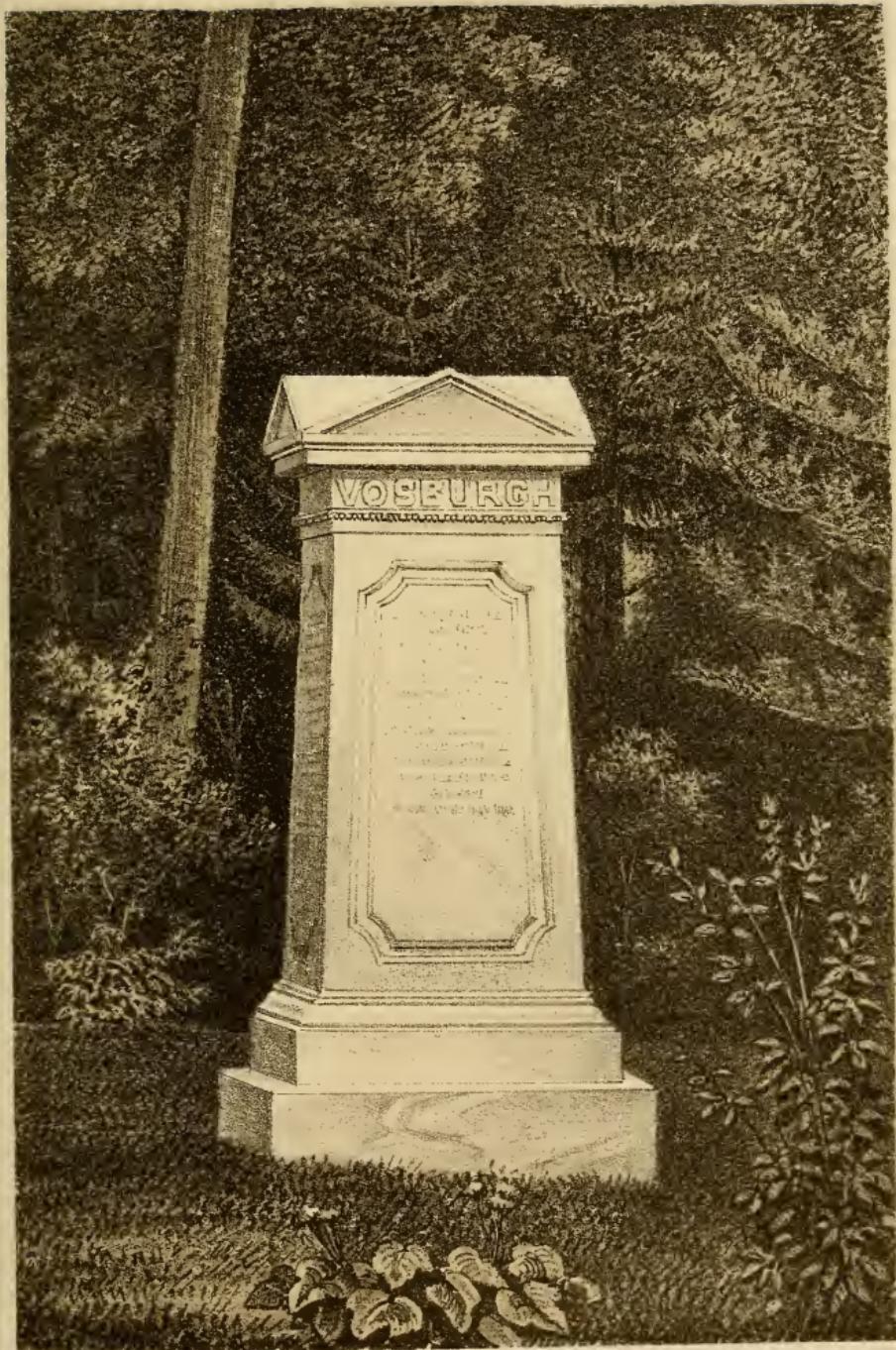
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contemplate with pleasure for a moment before turning northerly into the *Tour*, which meets us here.\*

Now if you feel disposed to leave us and follow the southerly divergence of the *Tour*, we will tell you something beforehand of the principal objects that will meet your eye. In passing between DE WITT and the modest monument of ISAAC W. VOSBURGH, you will stop a second time to admire the former, and will certainly commend the harmonious proportions and substantial appearance of the latter. You will also probably recognize in the names mentioned, that is if you are well informed concerning the existing prominent men of Albany, two gentlemen who have long been among the Trustees of the Cemetery Association. Then you will leave SAFFORD behind and, bending round VOSBURGH to the west, will see successively the names of WISWALL, IRA JAGGER and P. MCNAUGHTON, while almost directly back of the two last the monuments of DURANT and WATSON will appear. Farther on will be seen the vault of ARTEMUS FISH and that of the VAN BENTHUYSEN

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\* Where the coherency of the general narrative is broken by a paragraph or more in smaller type, a deviation from the continuous route is indicated. No digression is made unless warranted by the attractions of the avenue, path or road into which it leads you. If this inducement prompts you to deviate, we will be obliged to wait here for you until you have satisfied your curiosity, retraced your steps, and rejoined us at the point of departure. If you wish to adhere strictly to our continuous route, you have simply to skip the matter in small type and to defer, for the present, an inspection of the objects mentioned therein.



Lith of G W Lewis 432 Broadway, Albany.

VOSBURGH



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family. In the latter, now surrounded by representatives of six generations, are the remains of OBADIAH R. VAN BENTHUYSEN, the first to successfully attach steam power to the printing press of America. The experiment in New York resulted in failure, and the project was abandoned, but Mr. VAN BENTHUYSEN soon solved the difficulties, and gave to Albany the credit of enlisting the weird power of steam, in behalf of the progress of civilization in this country that the press has ever been the first to lead. Following on we come to the monuments of JAMES D. WASSON, W. D. STEWART, JAMES RICHARDSON, CROCKER, and the low substantial freestone of S. M. FISH. Next come the monuments of J. P. WILSON, WM. V. MANY, C. MILLER and WOOD, and beyond is the vault of CATHARINE HAMILTON about which some incredible stories are told. Opposite are D. WOODWORTH and J. W. CRANNELL, and then the handsome DAVIDSON memorial will attract your attention.

You will shortly approach one of the most attractive lots on the ground; but before reaching it you will notice the names of N. ROGERS, CALLENDER, D. SMITH, EDWARD JAMES, SHONTZ, READ, CRAPO, and the several neat brown headstones in the GRANT lot.

The three marble structures next ahead, in the lot of MONTEATH and HOWES, are those whose effect we have just been anticipating. There are many more expensive memorials here, but few more chaste and suggestive. The first is surmounted by a well executed figure of Grief. The elaborate drapery and floral embellishments of the second will challenge your admiration, and you will read an impressive lesson in the third—the pretty headstone that commemorates “GEORGIE.” That life-like little figure in the flower-crowned niche explains itself,—the right hand holds a book, and upon the back of the left rests a butterfly, an emblem of a short life.

Now emerging from *MOUNT WAX* northeasterly into the *TOUR*, we curve round SAMUEL CRAWFORD, and see a short distance ahead a cottage monument of Italian marble, with a medallion head; and in the same lot a granite sarcophagus. These are the memorials of the BENEDICTS—father and son. We will advance towards them, passing the monuments of WM. SMITH, S. VAN SCHAIK, and WICKES. We are now on *MOUNT OLIVET*.

That truthful medallion, by Palmer, represents LEWIS BENEDICT, the elder, who, in his day, was distinguished for his unselfish zeal in promoting public welfare, and who enjoyed the intimate acquaintance and profound respect of many of the master spirits of his time. A character of no less note than Horace Greeley, speaks of him as follows:

“When I first met LEWIS BENEDICT (in 1837) he was more than fifty years old. Directness, shrewdness, quickness of observation and inflexible decision, were his leading characteristics. He was eminently and emphatically a man of business.

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He used no more words than were necessary, and having formed and expressed his opinion was not easily moved to reconsider the matter. His interest in public affairs was profound and eager; but he had no desire to be conspicuous even in movements which he inspired and directed. He had no dream of ever holding office, no wish to be known as a wielder of authority or power. He sought success through the diffusion of intelligence, the enlightenment of the masses."

The granite sarcophagus near the monument of the elder BENEDICT, to the memory of Brevet Brigadier-General LEWIS BENEDICT, one of Albany's most famous Generals in our late war, is in the Roman style. The ornaments on the top are symbolical of his profession, and comprise an officer's sword, with a wreath of laurel. A scroll near the point of the sword bears the inscription, "Benedictus qui patitur."

If you wish to know what the younger BENEDICT has done to entitle him to the enduring gratitude and veneration of every lover of his

country, you may read an epitome in stone of his military history, upon the four sides of his memorial. In so doing you will sympathize with the captive in Williamsburgh, Libby and Salisbury prisons, glory in the hero of Port Hudson and Sabine cross-roads, and mourn the departed brave of Pleasant Hill.

At a meeting of the Bar of Albany, in May, 1864, Judge John K. Porter thus spoke of the last charge of General BENEDICT—the incident that sent him here to rest:

“When, at the historic battle of Pleasant Hill, the fortunes of the day rested for the time on the bearing of this chosen brigade of the Nineteenth Army Corps, every man in his command knew that, whoever else might fail, LEWIS BENEDICT would not fail—and that, in the bloodiest crisis of battle, his pulse would be even, his voice firm, his vision clear, his judgment poised, and his heart true. It was only such a man in command of our left wing who could have held that devoted band, a living breastwork from which the advan-

cing column of the rebel army more than once recoiled—and who, in the end, could move those ranks, unbroken save by death, to the final charge which bore our banner to victory. In that charge he fell, leaving a record which imparts lustre to his name, and confers honor on the city of his birth."

We will now proceed westwardly from BENE-DICT, on the *TOUR*, and skirt the southern bank of the ravine beside us for a bird's eye view of its rugged glories and a glimpse through the trees of the deep-embowered and picturesque *CONSECRATION LAKE*, a short distance ahead.

First we pass the small Egyptian marble of E. VAN SCHAICK, and the monuments of COULSON, NESSLE, POHLMAN, HALL, MORGAN, and HALLENBECK, and GAYLOR SHELDON.

Almost directly opposite SHELDON, a few feet from the road, we see a lot surrounded by an iron fence, which, although it contains little in the way of artificial adornment, we cannot pass without special notice. It is the lot of Rev. BARTHOL-

OMEW T. WELSH, one of the fathers of this institution—its first president—and a gentleman who will long be remembered in this connection for the enthusiasm exhibited by him upon the question of a Rural Cemetery for Albany, when that question was first agitated.

His early history in the city named, is largely the early history of these enchanting grounds. He it was who first gave the project the stimulus, through a public address, that has carried it to a successful issue. To his cogent arguments, maintaining the rights of the dead to quiet rural sepulture, coupled with the hearty co-operation and continued support of the present presiding officer of the association, who has been its friend throughout, the existence of this paragon of mortuary gardens, is, in a great measure, due. The old gentleman now rests peacefully in the beautiful "City of the Silent," whose interests were formerly his tenderest care.

Again we advance, passing the monuments of PHILLIPS and VAN BUREN. In the VAN BUREN

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lot rests Doctor JOHN VAN BUREN, an eminent physician of Albany. Beyond VAN BUREN, on the opposite side, is FRIEND HUMPHREY'S memorial. This gentleman was one of Albany's most successful business men. Several handsome little headstones, adorned with emblematic flowers, grace the lot.

The symmetrical Doric Column of McCAMMON, is next seen. It is crowned with a draped urn, and a wreath of roses encircles the shaft. In the same lot we notice the durable granite of BRUCE.

Still farther on we observe the monument of OSWALD, and the free-stone of LEMUEL STEELE. Here let us turn towards the Ravine and look down upon *CONSECRATION LAKE* through the openings in the veil of foliage that partially intercepts the view. How romantic a spot it seems. And how delicious to drink in, at this little distance, the melody of its music-breathing fountain as it sings a low alto in the morning chorus of the many-voiced birds. As we will soon have an opportunity for a closer view of the Lake, we will

dwell no longer here upon its attractions, but will resume our trip past JAMES CLARK, and on to the monument of HARMANUS BLEECKER.

Mr. BLEECKER was a descendant of the celebrated JANS JANSEN BLEECKER, the ancestor of all who bear that name in this State. He was known throughout the State as an eminent advocate, and his name is frequently to be found on the pages of the reports of the days when Kent and Spencer, and Thompson and Van Ness, were the great luminaries of the law. He was a successful politician, and once officiated as Minister to the Hague.

Leaving BLEECKER, we proceed past the STRONG brown stone, and stop before the handsome monument, purely Gothic, of SCHOOLCRAFT and JOHNSON. JOHN L. SCHOOLCRAFT, who once figured largely in public life, lies here.

Beyond SCHOOLCRAFT is a very singular looking rustic cross, commemorative of JOHN INNES KANE and MARY, his wife, the former of whom died at Palermo, Sicily.

Leaving this unique little specimen, we pass

WHITLOCK, and on the opposite side we see a small marble monument to the Rev. DAVID DYER, who died recently. Mr. DYER was for a long time chaplain of the Albany Penitentiary, and was the author of an interesting history of that institution.

As we advance we see the names of POMFRET, E. PERRY and TABER. Here the *TOUR* winds round TABER and leaps the Ravine by means of Glen Cross Bridge. As we do not wish to follow it farther at present, we will continue straight ahead, entering *GLEN CROSS WAY*, which meets us here.

Ascending this slope by the curving road last mentioned, we pass ALEXANDER, and at the abrupt turn beyond we notice the cottage monuments of H. NEWMAN and HUGH HUMPHREY.

The singular Egyptian column of REUEL CLAPP next strikes the eye. Opposite, on our left, a little distance from the road, we see the small monument of McMULLEN and the cross-crowned memorial of ALLEN. In front of this is another small monument in the lot of L. D. COLLINS. Upon the side towards us appears a harp with one broken

string, signifying that a member of a family has departed. Again, in front of **COLLINS**, stand the memorials of **HOWES** and **MONTEATH**.

Here we turn westerly into another portion of the *TOUR* around **CLAPP**, leaving on our left the small monument of **PAYN**—a name that sounds familiar to numerous tobacco lovers.

A very odd looking monument here attracts us. It is the large granite globe of **PRENTICE**, which is emblematic of eternity. This is certainly novel and substantial, if nothing more. Many different opinions are expressed as to its appropriateness and general merits; and the “eternal fitness” question is frequently discussed in consequence. It has these advantages over the majority of monuments: it cannot topple over and is always plumb. Although plain, and, we might say, unpretending, it attracts its share of attention.

Again advancing, we observe the small monument of **FRELEIGH** and **SNYDER**, and opposite stands the neat Latin cross of Rev. Dr. **POHLMAN**. In the same lot is a soldier’s rustic memorial, of

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strange design, to the memory of Lieut. Wm. H. POHLMAN, another gallant young Albanian who fell in the late war. You will infer from the many names of memorable battle grounds inscribed upon the stone, that, for a young man of twenty-two, he had considerable experience in war before receiving the wounds that terminated fatally, at Gettysburg, in 1863. His military record stamps him as an energetic and courageous young patriot, while his buoyant spirits, genial disposition, and educational accomplishments, rendered him a most desirable visitor to the social circle.

From POHLMAN, we pass the monuments of ANDREWS, MUIR, SANFORD, ROBINSON and COOK, TELLER, TURNER and VAN ETEN. We will now again leave the *TOUR*, because in its sudden turn here to the north, around by the WING vault, it departs from our intended line of march.

As we stand here we see to the left, a few steps ahead, the small marble monument of DAVID ROSE. We will turn around it southerly into *PROSPECT AVENUE*. Opposite ROSE, upon a neat

iron enclosure, we read the names of HADLEY and SEDAN. Then comes the low monument of CHASE, and beyond, but not facing this avenue, stand the marble obelisk and sarcophagus of DEFOREST.

A few steps farther on this avenue is intersected by *FOREST AVENUE*. In front of us at this point is a marble monument, surmounted by that frequently recurring emblem of innocence, the dove. The name of GREER, which it bears, will suggest pleasant memories to those who indulge in the Indian weed.

We will cross over to GREER and wind around it. Standing all alone on the margin of the *DELL* (*COLD SPRING DELL*) before us, we see the marble monument which commemorates Gen. GEORGE TALCOTT, Lieut. Col. GEORGE H. TALCOTT, and their wives.

Let us now descend easterly to the Stone Bridge. On our left is the marble obelisk of D. MOUNT, and back of this the elegant headstones of Wm. GODSON.

Farther east is the superb memorial of SOUTH-

WICK, and still farther in the same line is LYMAN Root's large granite monument. The shaft itself of this is the heaviest on the grounds; but the monument entire, in consequence of its lacking the usual massive die, is less in weight than any one of several others here.

As *PROSPECT AVENUE* crosses the *DELL*, by means of the Stone Bridge, it suddenly turns to the west; and if you are agreeable we will humor its twisting whims a little longer, and turn with it. But first notice the large granite monument and splendid circular lot of BENEDICT, on the corner to the left.

Moving along the south side of the *DELL*, westerly, we see to the left the marble of McCASKY, and soon reach the well kept lot of DICKSON, with its neat enclosure.

We are now upon that part of the *SOUTH RIDGE* where circular lots are a very prominent and felicitous feature. We will be favorably impressed with this, and will feel a sense of relief in contemplating the change from sharp cornered parallelo-

grams, triangles and irregular plats, to the easy unbroken curve and graceful outline of a circle or an ellipse. We will notice, too, that uncouth iron fences—a style of enclosure that detracts much from the natural rural appearance of any cemetery where it predominates—and high, impenetrable hedges, are not in favor on this portion of the grounds. This will surely meet our unqualified approbation.

Proceeding up the slope beyond DICKSON, we see that this avenue takes another devious notion and darts off southerly, almost at right angles with its previous course.

*We* will go straight ahead into *WILD FLOWER AVENUE*; but if *you* see fit to keep company still with the rambling road before mentioned, we will meet you a little farther on.

Let us tell you what is to be seen on the continuation of *Prospect Avenue*. In farther pursuing it you will first pass the circular lot of ARCHIBALD MCCLURE, on the right hand corner. Then you will see the handsomely draped soldier's monument to Lieutenant-Colonel FREDERICK L. TREMAINE, the son of Hon. Lyman Tremaine.

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Young TREMAINE was a heroic soldier, who nobly emulated the example of his Revolutionary ancestors by entering our army during the late war. His military record is the record of gallantry and patriotism. He is commemorated in verse, by Alfred B. Street :

\* \* \* \* \* "The saddle was his throne, and he a king  
When the fierce squadron dashed, in thundering might,  
A cataract of swords and shots—a wing  
Of rushing Havoc— a quick cleaving flight  
Of deadly levin! Lo; a glorious raid!  
And the galloping steeds and the rush and the clang  
Of the ride over mountain, through forest and glade,  
And the keen thrilling peals of the trumpet! How sprang  
The hamlet in terror, while on came the burst  
Of the troopers and cheering and flame told the worst,  
As they swept up the harvest and dashed down the wall,  
And laden with spoil skipped away one and all,  
While the night rang with clash and deep thunder of bound,  
And flushed wide with torch-flame, and day heard the sound  
From field and from village, of wailing and wrath,  
And the foe sought in vain to block Sheridan's path.  
And with them our eager young hero! no toil  
Too great for his striving ; no battle turmoil  
Too fierce for his daring; no duty undone  
Till the goal of the striving and daring was won."

Opposite TREMAINE you will see HUNTINGTON'S granite, and next comes the elegant light-colored obelisk of NORTHROP. Its material is the New Hampshire granite.

A little distance farther on you see the VAN VECHTEN granite monument, with Latin cross—a graceful and substantial structure. Here lie ABRAHAM and TEUNIS VAN VECHTEN, two distinguished Albany lawyers.

At a certain period in the past, when Albany was the recognized legal centre of the State, ABRAHAM VAN VECHTEN was one of the brightest stars among the fraternity — one of the most able jurists that ever shed

lustre upon the Bar of Albany. The high places were then filled by a gifted race of advocates, among whom were Hamilton, Harrison, Jones, Burr, and Livingston. But their brilliancy could not cast young VAN VECHTEN in the shade. He ranked among his illustrious seniors as an equal and a competitor for the highest professional eminence. His talents were too conspicuous to allow him to confine his efforts to the Bar. He repeatedly represented his fellow-citizens in the Legislature. At an early period of his life he declined a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court. He has been Recorder of Albany, State Senator, and Attorney-General, and was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1821. He died at Albany on the 6th of January, 1837.

Next you are attracted by the very substantial granite monument of Hon. HUGH WHITE. He by whom it was erected was recently buried beside it. It is surmounted by a Grecian urn. It is massive without being clumsy, beautiful without being frail; and looks as though it might stand for endless ages to mark the resting place of one of the fathers of that spindle city not far distant, which, with eminent propriety, has recently taken on municipal airs and attributes.

Now you approach the WARD monument, and near it notice several handsome little sculptured headstones.

A little farther on this avenue crosses the *Tour*. Near their intersection are the handsome headstones of WILLIAM MASCRAFT and wife.

You pass the monument of YOUNG and to the south see KELLEY's granite obelisk.

In proceeding into *WILD FLOWER AVENUE* we pass MCCLURE'S circle on the left, and soon see the conspicuous monument of MONTEATH.





Lith of G W. Lewis 452 Broadway Albany.

NELSON.

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Here the avenue turns southerly and gives us a front view of that structure. Four handsome sculptured headstones, commemorative of different members of the MONTEATH family, attend it.

Opposite MONTEATH stands the very graceful octagonal shaft of S. H. COOK, and some distance south of this the fine monument of JEFFERS. Here is a double headstone, with cross, and bearing one of the several emblems of faith—joined hands.

Again in advancing we see the Egyptian obelisk of NELSON, with Roman moulds and polished tablets. It is eventually intended to commemorate the “Twin Brothers,” and one of the twain is already here. It was erected by Doctor ALEXANDER NELSON, of Albany.

The next prominent monument we notice is that to RUFUS KING. Its material is Quincy granite, and it stands second in size among the monumental structures of the place. Mr. KING, who died but recently, was one of the most successful and respected self-made men of Albany.

To the right, beyond the *TOUR*, which meets us here, we see two superior specimens of the sculptor's art. One is Palmer's great masterpiece, the "Angel at the Sepulchre." The other is the elaborate memorial of JAMES A. WILSON.

As this last is the nearer of the two, we will cross the *TOUR* and contemplate from in front its artistic beauties. It is one of the most costly monuments on the ground, and will bear the closest inspection. A niche in the front contains a faultless figure of Faith. Survey the monument carefully and observe the richness of its tracery. The handsome lot upon which it stands could not possibly be more appropriately adorned, and the memorial is destined to attract much attention. The celebrated Launitz, of New York, is the author of this exquisite production. It was erected in the year 1870, by Mrs. JAMES A. WILSON, to the memory of her husband, who was formerly a prominent Albany merchant.

Southerly from WILSON we see the immense plat of ERASTUS CORNING, which is the largest in

the Cemetery, and has cost a moderate fortune. A monumental granite cross, to the memory of GERTRUDE TIBBITS CORNING, is, as yet, its only memorial; but we understand that here is destined to be reared the most stately monument in the Cemetery, and one of the largest in the country. Fancy a colossal monument of—we will say—one hundred feet in height, upon the elevated sunnmit of *PROSPECT HILL*, and tell us would it not be an imposing structure?

We are now standing on the east side of the CORNING plat; and our commanding position affords us a most charming view of the surrounding country. To the northeast appears the city of Troy, pulsing with the excitement of its tumultuous thousands, and sending upwards, in fantastic disorder, its myriad hazy columns from the sentinel-like chimnies of countless manufactories. Beyond are the ambitious mountains piling up to the clouds, and seeming, as they recede, to lose themselves in the embrace of the distant horizon. Nearer, we trace the course of the sinuous Hudson

downward from the bustling city for several miles, until at last, with a sudden turn, it "silently steals away" behind the wooded islands to the south.

But let us leave these foreign attractions and turn our attention once more to the native beauties of this "Silent City." We will walk around the CORNING plat and gaze upon the memorial of an old Revolutionary hero.

Here we find a splendid Roman column to the memory of General PHILIP SCHUYLER, who lies beneath. The lot was recently dedicated to this purpose by the Trustees of the Cemetery, and the monument was erected by Mrs. W. STARR MILLER, a lineal descendant of the General. The name of SCHUYLER is intimately connected with the early history of Albany, and stands conspicuous in our Colonial annals. One of the ancestors of the General was mayor of Albany and commander of the northern militia as far back as 1690. The General was born in Albany in 1733, and at an early age he began to display his active mind and military

spirit. He was a captain in the New York levies at Fort Edward, in 1775, and accompanied the British army in the expedition down lake George in the summer of 1758. He was with Lord Howe when he fell by the fire of the enemy on landing at the north end of the lake; and he was appointed to convey the body of that young and lamented nobleman to Albany, where he was buried, with appropriate ceremonies, in the Episcopal church. He was present at the capture of Burgoyne, and was highly complimented by that General for his urbanity of manner and chivalric magnanimity. A daughter of General SCHUYLER was married to the brilliant Alexander Hamilton, the victim of the unfortunate Hamilton-Burr duel.

The General was first interred in the VAN RENSSELAER vault at Albany, and afterwards removed to a vault on these grounds, where he lay without a monument to mark his place of sepulture. That fact having recently been laid before the Trustees of the Cemetery, and also the fact that Mrs. W. STARR MILLER desired to erect to him a fitting

memorial, it was decided by them to select a plat in a prominent location, wherein to

“Gather him to his grave again  
And solemnly and softly lay,  
Beneath the verdure of the plain,  
The warrior’s scattered bones away.”

The preamble to the resolutions presented by Judge Harris before the annual meeting, at which official action was taken upon the matter, contains the following:

“In the dim galleries of the past, where now hang the portraits which commemorate the good, the gifted, and the brave, who ‘pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their honor’ to the cause of liberty in the stormiest days of the Revolution, no one more deservedly challenges admiration than does that of him who only asks of us a grave. Among all those grand actors in the heroic history of our country, whose shadowy outlines are now but faintly visible through the smoke of revolution and the haze of an intervening century, surely none should be more proudly recognized by the citizens of Albany than General PHILIP

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SCHUYLER. \* \* \* \* It is eminently fitting that this beautiful city of the dead, so near to the home where he dwelt while living, and where slumber the descendants of friends and neighbors who stood, perchance with him, shoulder to shoulder in the contest of the past, should furnish for his remains a resting place."

Then followed resolutions, which were adopted, and the result of which confronts us here.

Now let us proceed round by the west side of CORNING to the famous "Angel at the Sepulchre." It adorns the lot of ROBERT LENNOX BANKS. Read the scriptural passage in which the artist found his inspiration, and judge for yourself of the success which has attended his efforts to embody the idea in stone:

"And behold there was a great earthquake; for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning and his raiment white as snow, and for fear of him the keepers did quake and become as dead men."

The following description of the “Angel” in embryo, is from the pen of a competent art critic:

“Being of the favored few who saw this in the clay, time can never efface the impressions produced by that first view, while it was yet in an early stage of progress. Towards evening we went into the studio with the sculptor, who carried a lighted candle, and as we entered we saw before and above us, in the dim uncertain light, an imperfectly defined form of angelic strength and loveliness, which seemed gazing, with unlimited vision, far away into infinity, and behind it darkness and shadow, as of the unknown tomb. As we stood awe-struck and speechless, the statue seemed to live, the breast to heave, the face to be distinct with heavenly intelligence, and we waited, fairly expecting from the lips the imperishable inquiry, ‘Why seek ye the living among the dead?’”

As we turn from the peerless creation before us—a subject which, in the future, we will surely find an ever new delight—and look westwardly, we observe on our right, a short distance below, a

pretty pear-shaped lakelet, surrounding a miniature island, luxuriantly clad in nature's green.

Its eminent adaptedness to the location would seem to indicate that it was one of the original contributions to the beauty of these highly favored grounds, with which the place has been so profusely blessed by the great Architect.

There are other lakes here, wild and romantic, with the mark of Nature's handiwork still fresh upon them, that were evidently "born, not made." In this case, however, Nature simply pointed out the spot and left Art to improve upon the suggestion.

The construction and embellishment of the highly ornamental "*CYPRESS WATER*," was accomplished at the cost of considerable labor and expense. It was commenced in November, 1869, and finished in the short time of one month, under the direction of Superintendent THOMAS.

You will perceive how admirably it harmonizes with the native conformation of the contiguous ground. Commencing at the head of

*COLD SPRING DELL*, its graceful curves gradually diverge until finally its covers, with its aqueous contents, a space that a short time ago was entirely occupied by a disagreeable, unsightly, bog-hole.

A number of springs, issuing from under the little island in the centre, constitute its chief, though not its only source of supply. The copious stream flowing through the Ravine, which separates the *SOUTH* and *MIDDLE RIDGES*, has, through the medium of a hydraulic ram, and a quarter of a mile of pipe, been made to do service as an auxiliary; and fully provides against any scarcity of water that might arise from a lack of sufficiency in its natural feeders.

The most gratifying feature of this improvement is the effect which it has had in enhancing the value of the lots in its vicinity. Ground which, a short time ago, was perfectly unsalable on any terms, is now eagerly sought after at prices ranging from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars for each lot of two hundred and fifty-six superficial feet. A useless swamp has given





Lith of G.W. Lewis 452 Broadway, Albany.

BRUMAGHIM.

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way to several sections of dry, eligible burial sites, which have been laboriously and patiently graded up and put in order for sale.

We will descend towards the lake, leaving SHERWOOD and CONKLIN on the right. About half way down the slope we see the handsome lot of BRUMAGHIM and its adornments, of which our manual presents a partial illustration. The two memorials which it contains, though small, are decidedly attractive. That principal headstone, with its delicate drapery, was evidently executed by an artist. As the declining sun irradiates the translucent marble of which this little gem is composed, the effect is peculiar and striking. You will notice its attendant memorial, which represents a tree trunk, entwined in ivy, upon which perches a dove.

Now we see the monument of SALISBURY, the neat lot of BENDER, and a broken column to Col. HOWARD CARROLL, a distinguished officer in our late war, who was highly esteemed for his bravery and devotion to the cause.

Next we perceive the tastefully arranged circular

lot of DAWSON. Here is a soldier's monument upon which we read the name of Maj. GEORGE S. DAWSON; a young patriot than whom no victim of the rebellion was more deeply mourned by friends and fellow soldiers. He particularly distinguished himself in the battles of the Wilderness, and his military record is made the subject of a poem by Albany's celebrated bard.

“ All through the crimsoned wilderness he went,  
With strength untiring and with soul unbent,  
All through, all through, the same young brave, the  
same !  
Through the fierce hurricane of blood and flame ! ”

We have now reached “ *CYPRESS WATER*,” which has just been spoken of at length, and will cross to the opposite side of *COLD SPRING DELL*. If we should take the first turn beyond to the right into *ROSELEAF AVENUE*, thence into a portion of the *TOUR*, thence into *PINE BOUGH AVENUE*, we would find much to engross our attention. But as our route leads us in a different direction, we will simply tell you what may be seen by taking the trip mentioned.

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First on the right of *Roseleaf Avenue* is the ANDERSON monument. Then the soldier's monument to Lieut. JAMES WILLIAMSON, another martyr to the rebellion. Back of this is a neat brown-stone to JOHN WILLIAMS, and a handsome marble obelisk to JOHN FAIRBURN. Opposite, next ahead, is ROSSMAN'S low, durable granite, with large urn.

Then you see two fine circular lots on opposite sides of the avenue, that on the right belonging to STEPHEN MUNSON, a gentleman widely known in the shoe and leather market.

Winding to the right around MUNSON into a part of the *Tour*, the lot of S. CUNLIFF is seen. A little farther on is the large granite to General RICE, the hero of twenty hard fought battles. Its inscriptions will interest you. Not one of Albany's patriots has left a more glorious record than the Christian soldier to whom this memorial is dedicated. From a private he rapidly rose, strictly upon his merits, to the rank of Brigadier-General. After passing through many sanguinary engagements, his twentieth battle brought with it the fatal ball. He was wounded in the thigh, and lived but two hours after undergoing the tortures of amputation. Mr. J. G. Holland thus poetically alludes to his last coherent expression, which is among the inscriptions upon his monument:

"'TURN ME,' he said, 'THAT I MAY DIE  
FACE TO THE FOE!' and ready hands  
And loyal hearts were waiting by  
To execute his last commands.

"Facing the enemy he died  
A hero in his latest breath,  
And now with mingled love and pride  
I weep and boast his glorious death.

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"No braver words than these, my friend,  
Have ever sealed a soldier's tongue;  
No nobler words hath history penned;  
No finer words hath poet sung."

Opposite RICE is ROSELLE'S attractive granite. Soon you see the elegant monumental tribute, from his congregation, to Rev. J. N. CAMPBELL. One of the inscriptions reads as follows:

"As a preacher, he was pungent, logical, eloquent.  
As a minister of Christ, faithful unto death."

Now you pass the STEELE monument, and a little further on turn abruptly round the tall plain marble column of RIDDER, on left westerly into *Forest Avenue*. The Scotch granite of VAN DYCK, with its intense, mirror-like polish, is on your right. No other material combines more happily the elements of durability and beauty.

You advance past J. R. COLEMAN, H. J. COULDWELL and I. N. KEELER. Here is the monument of JOHN E. PAGE. In this lot is a pretty little morsel of sculpture inscribed to "Our dear little ELLA."

THOMPSON'S marble tree—emblem of an unfinished life—appears, then the monument of D. W. LAWYER, and the lofty granite shaft of THOMAS McCREDIE. In this last are durability, beauty, and charming simplicity harmoniously blended. The monument is entirely plain, if we except the emblematic thistle which graces the shaft.

Opposite and ahead is W. P. IRWIN'S tall marble, around which you may turn into another part of *Roseleaf Avenue*. Moving westerly you see the brown stone, with urn, of JOHN ZEH, and on the next corner ahead, at the *Tour*, is the PARKE monument.

Here turn northerly into the *Tour*, and notice the



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McCREDIE.







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WOOSTER.

marble of ABSALOM ANDERSON, the monument of JOHN STACKPOLE, and that of GUNSALUS and PERRIGO. The names of TURNBULL, COOPER and KINNEY, will then be seen.

Leaving *CYPRESS WATER* behind, we proceed on the *TOUR*, past *ROSELEAF AVENUE*, to the next right hand turn which we take around TEN EYCK. Several neat lots are passed, and then our path is intercepted by another portion of the *TOUR*. A marble monument on the right hand corner, at the junction, bears the name of JACOB SLACK.

We turn to the left, northerly, and read the names of QUINN, WOOD and AIKEN. Before us is WOOSTER's imposing figure of Hope, a production which we will study with more than ordinary pleasure. The figure stands upon an octagonal pedestal, richly wrought in emblematic vines and flowers. It commands universal admiration.

Southwest of WOOSTER, and facing that portion of the *TOUR* which we have recently left, is the very touching little memorial of STICKNEY. Although it is off our route, we will take this

short cross road to the left and reach it. It is a monumental headstone, with a niche in front containing the standing figure of a child. Upon a scroll above, interlaced with a garland of flowers, the simple inscription "IDA" appears. Those three solitary letters speak more forcibly to the heart, and are more suggestive of real grief and never-dying love than the most fulsome epitaph. But we will return to WOOSTER.

The western terminus of *EVERGREEN PATH*, a most enchanting walk, is on our right. Before resuming our course northerly from WOOSTER's figure, we will tell you what may be seen upon the path named.

As you enter, the charming vista directs your eye through its gradually narrowing lines, which seem in the distance to complete their convergence and shut out all beyond. The first monument seen is that of GROESBECK, and then the names of BEEBE, McMILLAN, FORD, Cox and BOYLE are read.

The next attraction is the large rustic granite cross to Col. GEORGE W. PRATT, who was a gallant soldier, a distinguished linguist, and a young man of great ability and promise.

Cross an intersecting road and you will observe a pretty little piece of sculpture, to "EMMA," on the lot of

W.M. N. STRONG. The handsome monument of SMITH is seen, and then the memorials of NOYES, JOHN KENNEDY, OSBORNE, JOHNSTON and BECKER. In going further on in this path you will see nothing more of importance but what our general route will bring to your notice.

Leaving WOOSTER on the left, we continue northerly in the *TOUR*, past the octagonal shaft of JOHN MOORE, and then read the names of WINNE, GLADDING and P. P. STAATS. The monuments of JOHN ELLERY, J. A. BUCKBEE and JOHN L. STAATS are passed.

Now come four hedge-enclosed lots, the last of which is adorned by the granite monument of GEORGE I. AMSDELL. Next is the solid marble of T. M. AMSDELL. As we follow on, the *TOUR* takes an easterly sweep, and moving by the lots of STEVENS and ELMENDORF, and JOHN S. DICKERMAN—a name well known to many who have been obliged to commit their worldly effects to the tender mercies of the highest bidder—we turn sharply to the right into *LAWN AVENUE*.

Our course now, for a short distance, is south-easterly. First, on our right, is FELTMAN's marble;

and the names of COWELL, LANSING and JAMES D. JONES appear before we reach the large oblong plat of A. S. CLARK, J. AUSTIN and J. J. AUSTIN. Beyond this is MERRIFIELD's monument, and back of the latter stands CHESTER PACKARD's tall marble. In the PACKARD lot is a winged figure.

We continue past C. A. JONES, D. A. SMITH, P. W. HOLMES and C. H. WINNE. KNOWLTON and CARY are on our right.

Soon *LAWN AVENUE* winds easterly and brings us back of *HIGHLAND WATER*, a circular lakelet, which, like *CYPRESS WATER*, is thickly populated with different families of the finny tribe. The gold fish seem to be the lords of the colony. If you are interested in the study of ichthyology you will enjoy a call upon the glistening nobility of this little aquarium. You may pass between the intervening lots, and by means of the steps which descend to it, find footing on a level with the water. If none of the inhabitants are immediately visible, a pebble thrown upon the bosom of the pond, near you, will cause them to promptly rise

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and swarm to your feet. Now take a crumb of almost anything that is eatable, hold it near the surface of the water, and see how long it will remain before some veteran golden-coated epicure will dart forward and unceremoniously snap from your fingers the coveted morsel. If your first advances should fail to induce the piscatorial familiarity intimated, you will please not accuse us of insinuating a "fish story," for really these little gourmands are remarkably tame. Probably the habit so extensively indulged in by visitors, of feeding them with titbits brought along for the occasion, explains the phenomenon.

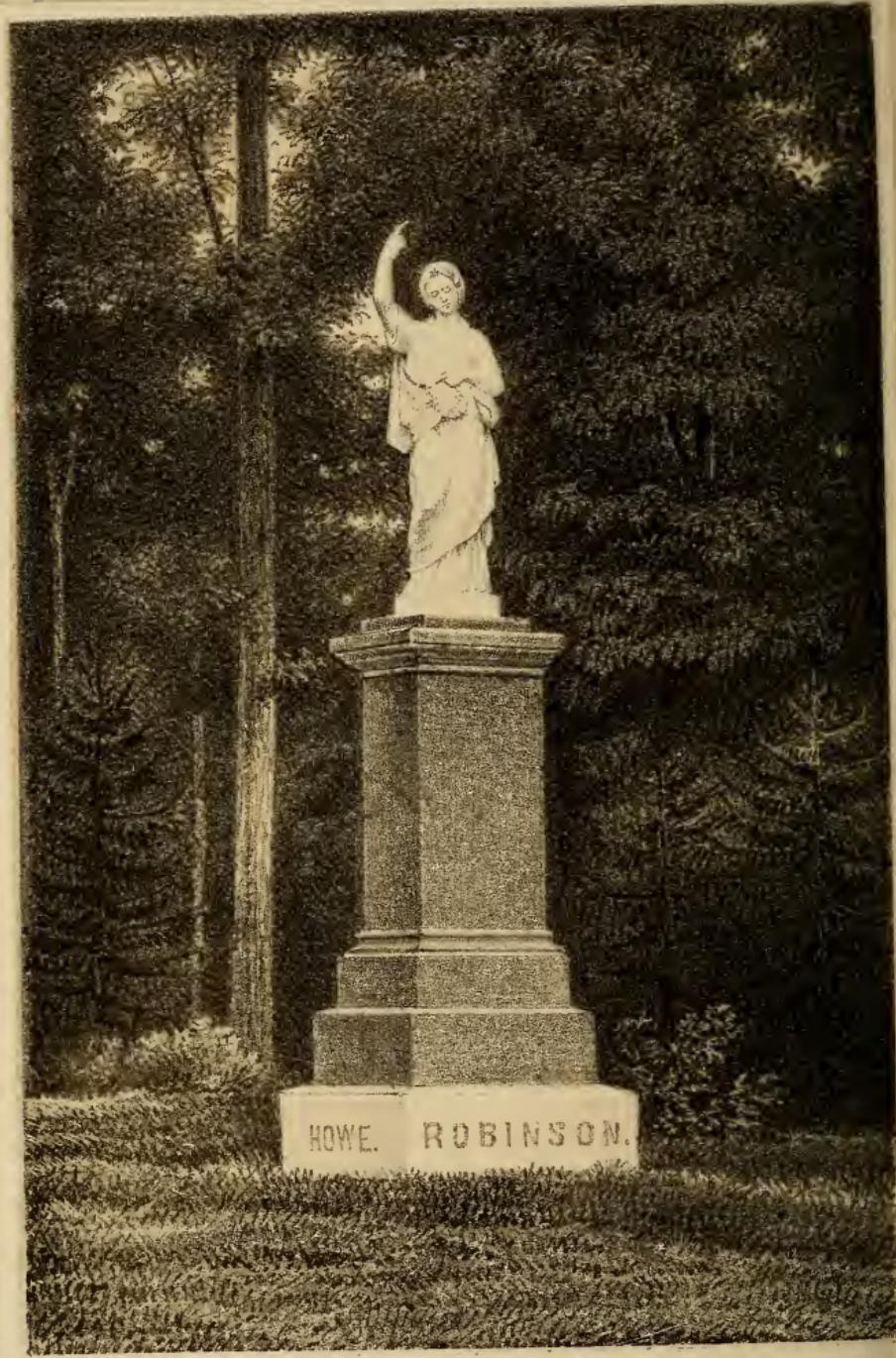
Now if you have said good bye to our aquatic friends, and returned to *LAWN AVENUE*, we will again move easterly. To the right is a small unattractive monument to SAMUEL SAGUE. "Sam.," as he was popularly called, was an oracle among horsemen, a wit of the first water, and a person as extensively known, perhaps, in his day, as any similar character.

As we progress, the gothic monument of EDSON,

with its sarcophagus, appears on our left. Opposite, and almost hidden by tall evergreens, is the lot in which are entombed the heads of four generations of the famous Albany house of VAN RENSSELAER. It is possible, although not certain, that this lot also contains the remains of KILLIAN VAN RENSSELAER, the original patroon, whose record, as you are well aware, forms an important and interesting part of our colonial history. Hon. D. D. Barnard, in a discourse upon STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER (one of the four STEPHENS to whom we have before alluded as being buried here), who died in 1839, says of KILLIAN:

“The power of the patroon of that day was analogous to that of the old feudal barons—acknowledging the government of New Amsterdam and States General as his superiors. He had his own fortress, planted with his own cannon, manned with his own soldiers, with his own flag waving over them. The courts of the colony were his own courts, where the gravest questions and the highest crimes were cognizable; but with





Lith. of G.W. Lewis 452 Broadway, Albany.

**ROBINSON-HOWE.**

appeal in the more important cases. Justice was administered in his own name. The colonists were his immediate subjects, and took the oath of fealty and allegiance to him."

Our next advance brings in view the plain, attractive lot of SAMUEL H. RANSOM. The large obelisk of Quincy granite which adorns it, is by many considered the best proportioned monument in the Cemetery.

We continue on past ESMAY, VAN LOON and WOOLVERTON, and soon come to the junction of three roads. Before us is the brown-stone of Wm. SHEPPARD, and opposite, on our right, is the marble monument of B. C. BRAINARD. That narrow road in front of BRAINARD, which leads north-easterly around SHEPPARD, will bring us into *ROSELAND WAY*. We will take it, and see the monument of J. H. TEN EYCK; and opposite this a very striking little structure of polished Scotch granite, surmounted by a chaste marble figure. It is the memorial of ROBINSON and HOWE, and is one of the most delightful little specimens we have

yet seen. The great admiration it receives is partly due to the fact that it embodies that highly appropriate idea for a cemetery memorial — Remembrance. The darker color of the polished pedestal gives pleasing prominence to the pure white marble figure, so sweet in expression, graceful in form and pose, and perfect in finish.

Immediately back of ROBINSON and HOWE, near the small HENDRICKSON marble, lies HENRY T. MEECH. "HARRY" MEECH was well known in Albany as the popular proprietor and manager of the old Museum, during the prosperous days of that institution.

In front of ROBINSON is WINNE's free-stone, and the marble structure of JAMES MORROW can be seen to the right. We wind around WINNE, and observe a venerable brown-stone, which, through its weather-beaten appearance, speaks of many years' service. Among other names, it preserves that of Col. HENRY QUACKENBUSH, who "was with Lord Amherst at Ticonderoga, with General Gates at Saratoga, in the days that tried men's

souls." We also glean from the stone that "his servant and faithful slave, "NANCY," is buried here.

The *TOUR* is met once more. If we look westerly from the junction we will see, not far away, a fine substantial marble mausoleum. It belongs to the SEYMOUR family. We purpose proceeding towards it, but not before at least speaking to you of certain attractive objects located east from QUACKENBUSH, to our right on the *TOUR*, and also on the first converging road beyond. The little trip alluded to cannot be conveniently made in a carriage, because the turn from the *TOUR* into the road last mentioned is too sharp to admit of a connexion by that means.

The first object that arrests the eye east of QUACKENBUSH is a most faithful imitation of a tree trunk, in brown-stone. It was erected by Dr. ARMSBY. The appropriate color of the material, the climbing vines behind, and the green moss clinging to the front, combine to give it a wonderful resemblance to the lower portion of a living tree.

Opposite ARMSBY is the granite of L. SPRAUGE PARSONS, and next is STIMSON's neat memorial. On the right is McINTYRE's marble sarcophagus. This is one

of the many superior specimens which have come from the hands of Launitz, of New York. In the same lot is HENDERSON's figure. DUNLOP'S brown-stone is ahead, and then comes the monument to JOHN I. WENDELL, who for several years was an active and efficient member of the Albany Cemetery Association, and one of the most devoted friends of the institution represented by that body. The sentiments of the board towards a departed brother are fittingly perpetuated in an inscription upon the stone. Dr. PETER WENDELL, who in the early part of the present century was one of Albany's most distinguished physicians, occupies a place in the same lot.

This locality is called *Roseland Hill*. Here is another lovely view of *Consecration Lake*. *Ravine Crossway* opens on the left. Upon it are some fine monuments. There is the brown-stone of REED and SPELLMAN, the granite of CYRUS HAWLEY, and beyond the names of DAVIS and WILKINSON may be seen. The circular lot of B. P. LEARNED, with its octagonal shaft of granite, is farther on, and still ahead the names of WM. McELROY, RUFUS W. PECKHAM and FORSYTH appear.

Now from *ROSELAND WAY* we turn towards SEYMOUR's structure, winding around POWERS on our left. Passing WM. NEWTON, the monument of D. LATHROP is observed, and here is the mausoleum — a very creditable piece of architecture — which we have before noticed at a distance. This short cross road to the left is called *OAK FOREST WAY*. Proceeding in this we see NEWTON'S gran-

ite, and after crossing another portion of the *TOUR*, past the free-stone of ADAMS and HUN, and the marble of SANFORD, we meet *GREENWOOD AVENUE*, which we turn into northwesterly. The lot of TILLINGHAST is observed, and also that one, neatly coped, of DEY ERMAND and SPELLMAN. Opposite this last is the broken column—an emblem which, perhaps, you will think too frequently repeated on these grounds—to ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, and beside it a marble obelisk to DANIEL CAMPBELL, erected by the young men of Albany. On this side of the latter an inscription preserves an enduring record of the deed, while a figure of Grief occupies a niche on the reverse.

Next comes GOODWIN's low granite, and opposite is the memorial of ADAM TODD. We move along by ROBINSON's free-stone, and the lot of ALFRED MOSHER. Here is VAN ANTWERP'S winged figure. It is a fine piece of sculpture, and one which demands more than a transient glance. We might look upon it as the guardian angel of the locality.

Keeping on, we see DENNISON's monument, and the pretty Gothic marble of EDWARD OWENS. Here is CRUTTENDEN's cross, and now we pause for a moment before the KING monuments. That soldier's memorial is to ROBERT H. KING; and those devices upon its face are intended to represent certain testimonials presented to him during the late war, by our Navy Department, as a recognition of his gallant conduct and patriotic services. Upon the other side is VAN DER WERKEN's small marble, and ahead are the monuments of TOWNSEND, Mc-ELROY and MARTIN. The obelisk of GEORGE F. GRAY is seen, and then, on the left, a lot containing a marble monument and enclosed by a curving iron fence. This is WILLIAM J. WALKER'S.

Here is the *TOUR* again. We will turn round WALKER and advance in it southerly. The lot of CRAPO is passed, and the monuments of JOHN FEATHERLY and FRISBY. A headstone here commemorates the brave Col. EDWARD FRISBY, who was killed near Crentreville, Va., while leading his regiment to assault.

Not far ahead is the brown-stone to Captain THOMAS BAYEUX—a tribute from the Albany Burgess Corps. Directly east of this is a novel rustic monument to the brothers JAMES L. and JOHN M. DEMPSEY, the one of whom received fatal wounds at the battle of Cedar Creek, the other in an assault on Fort Fisher before Petersburg.

We next see the Mix lot and its five superb headstones. On again, past JAMES MIX, LONG and SILSBY, BISHOP, GOWER, COOK, WINTERS, CHASE, CUSHMAN, BURHANS, and we are before GILES W. PORTER's very odd looking structure. To our right is *HIGHLAND WATER*, which we have previously seen from the other side, and opposite is the marble cottage monument of BULLION. One of a number of modest headstones here commemorates "Father;" and Reverend PETER BULLION lies beneath. By how many thousands is that name associated with vivid recollections of weary hours and days spent in endeavoring to elucidate grammatical conundrums. Fifteen years ago, BULLION's grammar was almost an indispensable instrument

in the hands of those who essayed to develop the young idea. Although it has since lost something of its popularity, it still holds an honored place among the text books of the period.

Next to BULLION is WEED's marble monument. Many ridiculous notions have prevailed concerning the meaning of the figure by which it is surmounted. It is intended to illustrate some Scriptural idea; but what that idea is, we have been unable to discover. The memorial is very neat and appropriate.

Still on in the *TOUR* we observe the names of COBB, HAMILTON, MARTIN, VISSCHER and WILSON. Then a large irregular lot, dotted with brown-stone monuments of all shapes and sizes, is noticed on our left. This is the JAMES lot. A new structure, in keeping with its neighbors, bears the name of Rev. WILLIAM JAMES, an eminent divine who died recently.

Opposite the JAMES lot, on our right, lies Dr. WILLIAM BAY, who, at the time of his death, was one of the oldest—if not the oldest—of the medi-

cal fraternity in Albany. Dr. BAY was one of the most distinguished of that school of physicians who won “golden opinions” in this vicinity in the early part of the present century.

We are now in *OAKWOOD FOREST*. Leaving JAMES and passing a few small monuments on our right and an oblong plat surrounded by an iron fence, we find that the *TOUR* crosses *GREENWOOD AVENUE*. We turn into the latter round the small marble to the WADDELL family, on our right. On the left is the lot of JOHN J. HILLS. It contains two monuments—one to ISAAC McMURDY and one to SARAH M. CARSON. Years ago, when really fine monuments were rare on these grounds, the drapery of this last was much admired; but the fact that many finer specimens and far greater attractions are now to be found here, has rather tended to cast it in the shade.

On again southerly, in *GREENWOOD AVENUE*, and we see a small brown-stone to the widow of DANIEL STEELE. Opposite is the large irregular plat of KIDD, TEN BROECK and others.

You will realize from the familiar appearance of the objects around us that we were in this vicinity at a previous point in our ramble; but as this is the first instance in which we have brought you twice over the same road, you will probably not complain that the trip has been monotonous.

Let us move easterly around KIDD and, passing the monument of B. C. BRAINERD, which is one of those we have before seen, continue on, by EVERTSON and the splendid granite obelisk of MITCHELL and CUNNINGHAM, to the low brown-stone in the lot of HALL and FRY.

Now we see, at some distance to the left, and standing on the *TOUR* beyond, the brown-stone vault of WING. We will take this sharp turn northerly, and, pausing before the WING vault, notice opposite the marble of ROGERS. Directly behind this is BRITTON's urn-crowned memorial. Near by the latter is the vault of NARCISSE REMOND. The monument of Rev. ISAAC N. WYCKOFF is left behind, and as we descend, fol-

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lowing the easterly sweep of the *TOUR*, the names of JAMES WILSON, SIDNEY GUEST, and DONCASTER appear.

We are leaving the southern division of the grounds. Our descent is becoming precipitous; and, as the verdant bluff rises abruptly to right and left and the densely wooded hills grow rapidly over us, our sense of seclusion—that feeling ever sweet to the meditative mind—is agreeably intensified with every step. We are on one of those sequestered roads which contribute so much to the attractiveness of this “garden of graves,” and of which, with fast increasing pleasure, we will see more, as we progress. Although so far, much of art has come under our observation—and something too, perhaps, of human vanity—yet the most fascinating manifestations of nature, in her loveliest garb, are still in prospective. But we will anticipate no farther.

Still descending, we pass under Glen Cross Bridge, and, diving down yet deeper between the hills, we finally reach the terminus of the glade

only to feast our eyes upon the romantic scenery of the deep-set, placid *CONSECRATION LAKE.*

It would seem as if this grand natural amphitheatre might have been foreordained the scene of those solemn ceremonies which dedicated these grounds to the many dead. It *was* that scene at least; and here, while the flashing fountain—

“ Like sheet lightning  
Ever brightening  
With a low melodious thunder ”

whispers its hospitable greeting, we will avail ourselves of the ample accommodations for repose which the place affords the visitor, and beguile our half hour’s rest by looking back upon the most memorable event in the history of the Rural Cemetery.

The following extracts are taken from a report of the consecration ceremonial, which appeared in the Albany Argus, of Oct. 8th, 1844. This report was published many years ago in pamphlet form, but the little work is now probably out of existence. If you have never before read the beautiful





CONSECH



Lith of G.W. Lewis 452 Broadway, Albany.

ON HAJKIR



hymn of Miss Woodbridge, or the admirable dedicatory poem of Alfred B. Street, which constituted a part of its contents, you will, no doubt, think with us that these waifs, at least, are well worth the saving:

“The ceremonial of the consecration of the grounds selected by the Albany Cemetery Association, for a general place of burial, took place yesterday, agreeably to the published arrangements. The civic and religious ceremonies were all appropriate, impressive, happily conceived and most happily carried out by the gentlemen to whose hands the duty was confided, and were in admirable adaptation to an occasion, which will be memorable in the history of our ancient but steadily advancing metropolis.

“The very great concourse of citizens who visited the grounds on the occasion—the large number of ladies—the general turnout of military companies, firemen and civic associations—were in themselves encouraging indications of the general interest felt in the success of this important undertaking—

and, we are sure, may be regarded as an earnest of a determination among all sects and classes of our citizens to unite cordially in carrying out to a successful issue, one of the greatest public enterprises of which our city can boast.

“The duties of Marshal were well discharged by General Rufus King, assisted by several gentlemen. The Rev. Dr. Welch and T. W. Olcott, Esq., were the efficient committee of arrangement.

“The place selected and prepared for the ceremonial, was in one of those secluded and beautiful spots with which the location abounds—being a level but irregular space of about half an acre, enclosed on the south by an abrupt and thinly-wooded hill. On the north, hills of a less elevation enclosed the area, and nearly through the centre runs a clear stream of water, which even at this season of the year, holds on its course, and is indeed perennial. Upon this area, were temporary seats, skirting the foot of the hill on the south, and admirably arranged all over it to command a

view of the staging from which the speakers were to address the multitude.

“Long before the procession reached the ground, these seats were occupied—hundreds having preceded the train, and the larger portion of them ladies, and taken possession. The scene presented, as the escort came up and opened for the passage of the procession, was indescribable. The solemn, dirge-like music—the heavy measured tread and gay uniform of the military and firemen—the gorgeous foliage, which at this season distinguishes our rural scenery—the romantic wildness of the place itself—and the large concourse assembled—all conspired to give to the scene an impressive and sublime character.

“The military, firemen, ladies and citizens having taken the positions assigned them—and nothing could exceed the order and decorum with which everything was done—the full and rich harmonies of one of the best bands to which we ever listened, gave place to the vocal music from a choir of several hundred singers, who, under the lead of Mr.

R. Packard, sang in full chorus, a Hymn, written by Miss Sarah McDonald, of the Female Academy, to the tune of Rousseau's Dream.

"The Consecrating Prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, was highly appropriate and impressive, and was listened to with reverent and profound attention.

"The following Hymn, written by Miss A. D. Woodbridge, of the Female Academy, was then sung by the choir:

" This holy ground beneath our feet,  
These gentle sloping hills above,  
These silent glades and valleys sweet,  
Shall be the home of those we love.

" Above their couch shall flow'rets bloom—  
Dear, precious flowers, that droop and die,  
'Tis fit that ye should wreath the tomb,  
Where those we best have loved, shall lie.

" But they shall wake when o'er the earth  
Time's last receding wave shall roll;  
Shall share in an immortal birth,  
The changeless spring-time of the soul.

" Then let us learn to bear aright  
Life's weary weight of pain and care,  
Till, with our heavenly home in sight,  
This last and dreamless couch we share.

“ Oh ! let us see thy glory here,  
 Our Father ! and we'll kiss the rod ;  
 We leave ourselves, and all most dear,  
 With Thee, our Saviour and our God !

“ The Poem, by A. B. Street, Esq. (to whom we are indebted for a copy) was then pronounced, as follows :

“ When life's last breath has faintly ebb'd away,  
 And nought is left but cold unconscious clay,  
 Still doth Affection bend in anguish deep,  
 O'er the pale brow to fondly gaze and weep.  
 What tho' the soul hath soar'd in chainless flight,  
 Round the spurn'd frame still plays a sacred light,  
 A hallow'd radiance never to depart,  
 Pour'd from its solemn source the stricken heart.  
 Not to the air should then be given the dead,  
 Not to the flame, nor yet cold ocean's bed,  
 But to the earth—the earth from whence it rose,  
 There should the frame be left to its repose.

“ There the great Mother guards her holy trust,  
 Spreads her green mantle o'er the sleeping dust ;  
 There glows the sunshine—there the branches wave,  
 And birds yield song, flowers fragrance round the grave.

There oft to hold communion do we stray,  
 There droops our mourning memory when away,  
 And e'en when years have pass'd, our homeward feet  
 Seek first with eager haste that spot to greet,  
 And the fond hope lives ever in our breast  
 When death too claims us, there our dust shall rest.

“ All these fair grounde with lavish beauty spread,  
 Nature’s sweet charms—we give them to the dead ;  
 Those swelling uplands, whence the raptured sight  
 Drinks in the landscape smiling rich and bright,  
 Woodlands and meadows, trees and roofs and rills,  
 The glittering river, and the fronting hills ;  
 That nestling dell, with bowery limbs o’erhead,  
 And this its brother opening to the tread,  
 Each with its naiad tripping low along,  
 Striving to hide, but freely offering song ;  
 Those old deep woods, where Nature wild and  
 rude,  
 Has built a throne for musing solitude,  
 Where sunshine scarce finds way to shrub and  
 moss,  
 And lies the fractured trunk the earth across,  
 These winding paths that lead the wandering feet,  
 Through minster-aisles and arbors dim and sweet,  
 To soothe thy discord into harmony,  
 Oh solemn, solemn death, we dedicate to thee.

“ Here will his steps the mourning husband bend,  
 With sympathizing Nature for his friend ;  
 In the low murmur of the pine, he’ll hear  
 The voice that once was music to his ear ;  
 In the light waving of the bough, he’ll view  
 The form that sunshine once around him threw.  
 As the reft mother threads each leafy bower,  
 Her infant’s looks will smile from every flower ;  
 Its laugh will echo in the warbling glee  
 Of every bird that flits from tree to tree ;  
 In the dead trunk, laid prostrate by the storm,  
 The child will see its perish’d parent’s form ;  
 And in the sighing of the evening breath,  
 Will hear those faltering tones late hush’d in death.

“Through these branch’d paths will Contemplation wind,  
And grave wise Nature’s teachings on his mind ;  
As the white grave-stones glimmer to his eye,  
A solemn voice will thrill him, “*thou must die ;*”  
When Autumn’s tints are glittering in the air,  
That voice will whisper to his soul, “*prepare ;*”  
When Winter’s snows are spread o’er knoll and dell,  
“*Oh this is death,*” that solemn voice will swell ;  
But when with Spring, streams leap and blossoms  
wave,  
“*Hope, Christian, hope,*” ’twill say, “*there’s life  
beyond the grave.*”

“Music followed from one of the bands on the ground—a solemn, funereal strain—in harmony with the vein of sentiment which ran through Mr. Street’s admirable poem.

“The Hon. D. D. Barnard here delivered the Address—an eloquent and finished production. His topics are appropriate, and are handled with his usual vigor and felicity. His vindication of the claims of the dead to a quiet and secure resting place, is admirable in sentiment, as it is strongly fortified by references to the usages and customs of nearly all nations, savage and civilized, and to the religious feelings of every Christian people.”

The most agreeable time to linger here—at least so we think—is just after the evening sun peeps in over the western trees, upon the laughing fountain and the limpid lake, and drops a rainbow down to crown the entrancing picture.

Now if you wish to return to the entrance, you can effect your purpose by taking the *TOUR* easterly, past the capacious marble vault of HENRY YATES, which, by the way, is one of the oldest and most admirably located tombs in the place.

Another means of exit may be found in the meandering and leafy path called *MEDITATION WALK*, which leads from the southeast corner of the Lake, and, running high above the road along the face of the southern bluff, forms a most delightful, shady promenade.

We notice that the supply of water for *CONSECRATION LAKE* comes through the Ravine which extends from it westerly. *RAVINE WALK* pursues this stream and leads into the depths of the hollow pass spoken of, where the intense heat of a sultry summer's day never penetrates. *RAVINE SIDE*

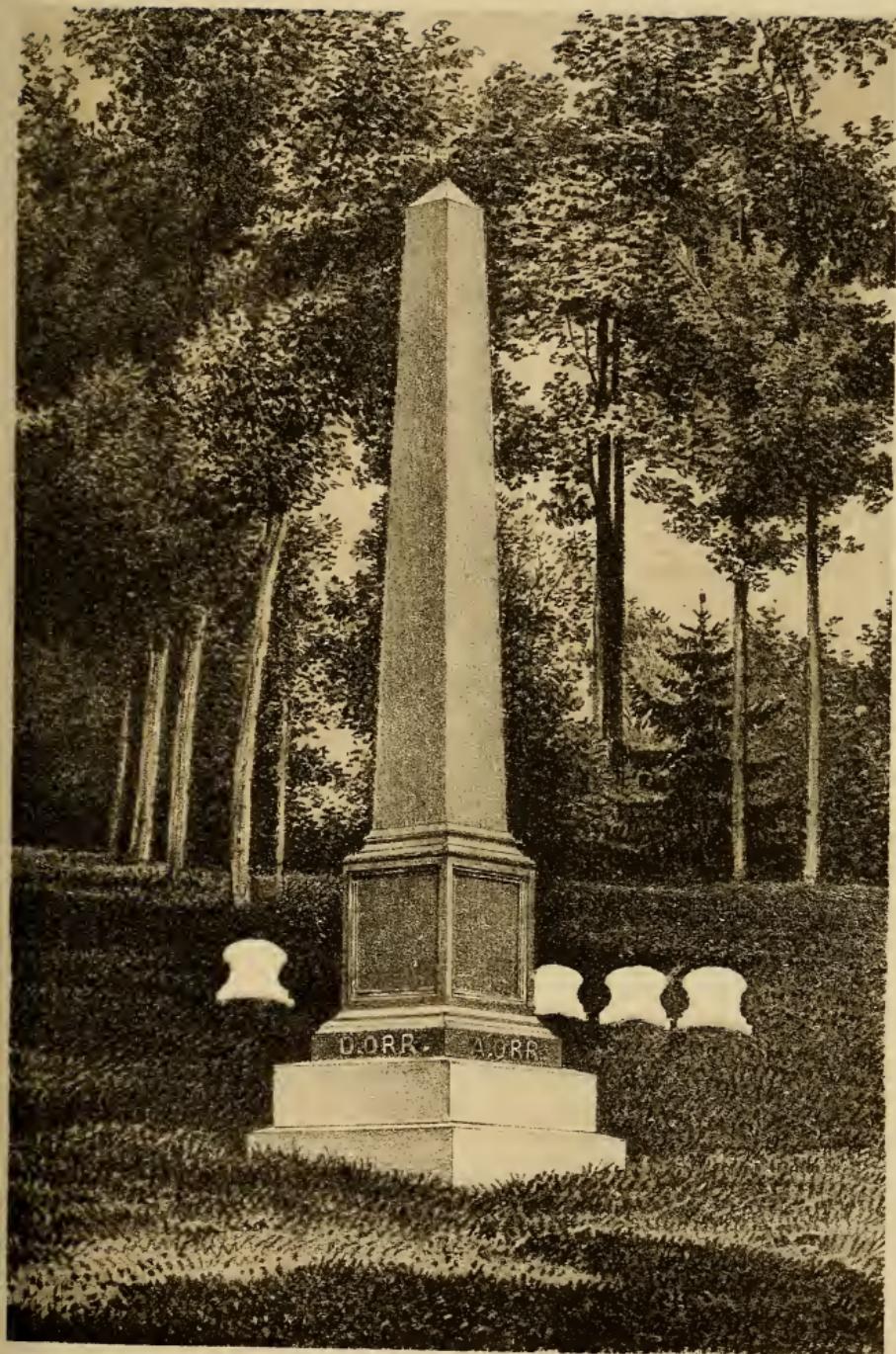
*WAX* runs along its northerly side. This latter we will take, when we commence our examination of the central division of the grounds, of which the Ravine partially forms the southern boundary

## MIDDLE RIDGE.

LEAVING *CONSECRATION LAKE* behind, and proceeding westerly into *RAVINE SIDE WAY*, we pass the lot of TAYLOR on the left. It contains a broken column. On the right is the soldier's monument to Col. EDWARD A. SPRINGSTEED, and next is the lot of SPALDING, containing two neat sculptured headstones.

We ascend past the small monuments of J. R. CUTLER, DAVID SMITH, and COBURN and RAWSON. At the junction of this road, with one diverging northeasterly, is the WENTZ monument, and the monuments of J. C. KIRK and C. T. SMYTH.

Advancing still westerly, along the Ravine, we meet Ravine Bridge, and facing it, on our right, the highly polished memorial of the ORR family presents a front view. This is conspicuous, not alone through its generous size, its elegant finish, or its prominent location. Aside from these, the fact that it is the only polished shaft of native granite on the ground, lends to it that attractive-



Lith of G.W.Lewis 452 Broadway, Albany

OUR FAMILY.



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ness which any superior object, tending to conserve the ends of pleasing variety, ever possesses for the discriminating observer. This monument, which so admirably decorates its locality, can be seen to fine advantage from the opposite side of the bridge. The lot upon which it stands is also graced by a neat soldier's memorial to WM. EMMET ORR.

Next comes the several headstones in the lot of WILLIAM ORR, and then is seen the large oblong plat of one family of the VAN RENSSELAERS—relatives of that other famous Albany family of the same name, of which we have before spoken. The lot contains four prominent memorials—a handsome free-stone with cross, a rustic cross, and two good sized marble monuments, one of which bears the name of Gen. SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER, who was well known in this State and the city of Albany, by his civil and military position and services.

Of all the military heroes who have found sepulture here, not one, perhaps, has had a more eventful career than General VAN RENSSELAER. He

commanded a troop before the age of twenty, and fought under "Mad Anthony" in the historic battle of Miami, upon which occasion he received a wound through the lungs which was declared to be mortal. Notwithstanding this decree, he won a speedy victory over the wound and the doctors, and was soon again ready for service. In the battle of Queenstown he was completely riddled with balls, and again survived. He afterwards held several important political positions, and died aged seventy-eight years.

A little distance west from VAN RENSSELAER is the granite of GEORGE H. THACHER. We pass the monument of BENDER, with Maltese cross, and the names of McCAFFERTY, CHAPMAN, and WANDELL are seen. Ahead is the monument of STEVENSON and DE WITT. The lot upon which this stands contains the remains of Hon. D. D. BARNARD, who delivered the consecratory address when these grounds were formally given to the dead.

We will curve round to the north, and ascending the hill before us, pass HOLMES, HURST, and

HASTINGS. Here is the neat cottage monument of BARENT SANDERS, and in the lot with it is a monumental headstone to MINNIE and KATIE. A niche in front of this pretty piece of sculpture contains two figures. Its emblems are various.

That figure of Grief seen upon our right, a little farther up the hill, surmounts the monument of ALLEN. A child, in the attitude of prayer, occupies a place on the front side. Opposite this is a circular lot, with two large brown-stone monuments, one of which displays the following inscription :

LEWIS N. MORRIS,

Brevet Major, U. S. A.,

Fell Sept. 21, 1846, at

MONTEREY,

In command of the 3d Regiment

United States Infantry,

While leading it

To the assault.

---

Erected by the citizens of  
Albany, to commemorate  
The gallantry of the soldier,  
The worth of the man.

We turn westerly round MORRIS, and advancing, see the substantial marble of FOWLER. Next ahead is OLCOTT's monument. It will reward a very careful study. That sculptured form which occupies the pedestal deserves our attention; but do not fail to observe, particularly, those expressive little figures, in relief, upon the front side of the stone. You apprehend their meaning—a mother rising towards her children, who have gone before, and who descend to meet and crown her from their angel home.

The headstone of RANSOM is opposite OLCOTT, and in the same lot with this lies EDWARD C. DELAVAN, the great total abstinence agitator. He was connected with every prominent temperance movement in the world from 1832 up to the time of his death, which occurred in January, 1870. His communications upon his favorite hobby have reached nearly all the noted statesmen, physicians and philanthropists living. Among the celebrities who were interviewed by him on the temperance question were Louis Phillippe and the

Pope. After inaugurating his crusade against rum he proved his sincerity by emptying the costly wines in his own cellar into the street. He first became noted as a reformer while residing in Albany, in which city his large fortune was also acquired. That mammoth house, the "Delavan," in the city named, is a portion of the property which has fallen to his heirs.

On the left, again, are the MARVIN monument and sarcophagus, and opposite these is the lot of THOMAS W. OLcott, who, as you may be aware, has been President of the Albany Cemetery Association for more than a score of years.

The last statement suggests a digressive look backwards. The events of the last two decades have had their influence upon the affairs of this institution, as well as upon those of the outside world. The Albany Rural Cemetery was founded at a time when the idea of an extensive garden cemetery was comparatively new in this country. It was not always upon as solid a footing as at present, but in

its infancy was obliged to struggle against the difficulties which, in those days, invariably beset all similar enterprises of any great magnitude. You would, perhaps, be pleased to know something of the details of its progress, and the causes of its existing prosperity; but as we are now ostensibly engaged simply in seeing it as it is, we will leave that subject for its future historian, and pursue our original purpose.

On our left is RAYMOND'S marble, and as we proceed, the granite temple to Dr. MARCH is noticed. We will soon take the descending road southerly, and westerly round MARCH; but first let us look about us, and contemplate the scenery on either side.

We are upon the narrowest part of the *MIDDLE RIDGE*. *INDIAN LAKE* looks up to us, through a leaf-fringed vista, from the guarded depths of the wild Ravine upon the north. This is the largest lake upon the grounds, and in time, no doubt, will be the finest. Near us, to the south, is *TAWASEN-THA*—the body of water which furnishes the head

for the fountain that ruffles the bosom of its sister lake below.

Now we will move along towards *TA WASENTHA LAKE*, leaving MARCH upon our right. As we descend we notice in the distance, lining the bank south of the Lake, the tombs of PESTER and OSTERHOUT, CHARLES STANFORD, and BRINCKERHOFF and PUMPELLY. Near the Lake is the neatly coped lot of APPLETON, and farther east the massive granite monument, with polished tablets, of Gen. JOHN TAYLOR COOPER.

If we look sharply we will see, in the same line with the tombs before mentioned, a low block of marble inscribed "The Grave of the BRIDGENS," and some distance back of it a single undecorated grave. The simple quaintness of this inscription has provoked many a query, and yet there is nothing cabalistic in it. The grave contains the reinterred remains of several members of the BRIDGEN family. In its location does it not remind you of the poet's picture—

“ Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,  
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,  
With here and there a violet bestrown,  
Fast by a brook or fountain’s murmuring wave,  
And many an evening’s sun shine sweetly on my  
grave.”

Let us continue our descent to the foot of this slope, and look upon the monument of JOHN C. SPENCER, the illustrious lawyer and statesman, about whom Thurlow Weed tells an interesting political story in his “Experiences.” His able revision of the statutes of this State—a task assigned to him by De Witt Clinton, shortly before the death of this remarkable personage—is, in itself, a sufficient monument.

AMBROSE SPENCER, the father of the subject of our previous remarks, also has a memorial in the same lot. He, too, was a distinguished lawyer and prominent politician.

Opposite SPENCER, on our right, and built in the face of the hill, is the DOUW vault. Can you decipher that faint inscription above the door—  
JOHN DE PEYSTER DOUW.

As we move along past DOUW, westerly, we see

to the left a sarcophagus of Quincy granite, supporting a large anchor in relief. This is the memorial of "Capt. ROBERT TOWNSEND, of the U. S. N., who died Aug. 16, 1866, at Chin Kiang, China, while in command of the U. S. steamer Wachusett." It is at once elegant, modest and substantial; and, inasmuch as it is entirely different from any other memorial here, it possesses no little attraction for the seeker after novelties.

Next to TOWNSEND is MARTIN's large, heavy granite, with Grecian urn. We will now round up this steep slope past QUACKENBUSH, and, turning easterly into *WESTERN AVENUE*, stand before the HAMILTON monument. This is certainly one of the finest specimens of the unapproachable Gothic, of which these grounds can boast. That surmounting figure is Faith. The memorial looks down upon the grave of Col. DAVID HAMILTON, a gentleman of wealth and leisure who was well known among the public men of fifteen years ago, in Albany county and vicinity.

Our next advance will be easterly in the road

upon which we now stand. If we desired to leave the Cemetery here, we might do so by taking the westerly continuation of this avenue, past DAVIS, WHARTON, Roy and the BOYDS, and on by the cottages beyond to the western entrance. Near the entrance are the church grounds, where lie the re-interred dead of the abandoned grave yards of Albany.

Whenever you feel like devoting a half day to the object, we would advise you—especially if you are a bit of an antiquarian—to go among these transplantations of the great Reaper, and read—if you can—the old inscriptions upon some of the recumbent stones. There you will find samples of the characteristic phraseology and orthography of the last century. You will find hackneyed churchyard epitaphs—some appropriate and affecting, in spite of repetition; some evidently home-brewed and thoroughly unimpressive, and some unequivocally absurd. The many inscriptions in German will recall your historical gleanings of the days of Fort Orange and Rensselaerwyck; and the

instructive, practical contrast between these crude landmarks of the past and the evidences of the modern innovations of art and taste so near by, will more than reward the trouble of your visit.

But we are losing time. As we have already proposed, we will move easterly from HAMILTON. Here is the lot of JAMES ROY. Its principal adornment is a sarcophagus in marble.

We continue on past JOHN VAN ZANDT, EIGHTS, COBB, SCOTT, BOYD, GRAY and DEAN. To the left, the names of CHAPIN, CAMPBELL and HOFFMAN appear. Again we see the memorial which preserves the name and features of Dr. MARCH. You remember that we left this on our right but recently, as we descended towards the Lake. If you have ever known the original, you will surely recognize in that medallion the American autocrat of surgery. We only learn from the stone before us that Dr. ALDEN MARCH lived and died. No labored eulogy perpetuates his deeds; nor is such tribute necessary. His fame is self-preserving.

The ensuing portion of this avenue we have

lately traversed for a short distance. We advance past the objects before seen, and, crossing the intersecting *Tour* beyond, leave the high cast iron enclosure and the monument of CHOLLAR and DUNHAM on our left.

To the right, ahead, is the marble mausoleum of MEADS. Here lies the philanthropic JOHN MEADS, an old and respected citizen of Albany, who was conspicuous in many noble public charities. During the latter years of his life he was the most frequent of visitors to these grounds and to this spot.

Now on, still in *WESTERN AVENUE*, easterly, past BROWN, HARRIS, ALLEN, FASSETT, ROBERTS and DANIELS. To the right is the monument of the WHITE brothers, and in the same lot a sarcophagus to ANDREW WHITE. We proceed by FORD, SMITH, WHITE and WILSON. This latter is on our right. Look at that pretty little headstone which the lot contains. Near here is an enclosed grave—a singular object.

Let us look to the left, towards GANSEVOORT—

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an old and honored Albany name. The inscriptions upon that small stone to Brigadier-General PETER GANSEVOORT and wife, are interesting. Nearly one hundred years ago, General GANSEVOORT "defended Fort Stanwix against St. Leger, thereby preventing his junction with Burgoyne." "Here Stanwix' chief and brave defender lies." Behind the monument is a recumbent slab, inscribed to another GANSEVOORT, who in old times was one of the leading merchants of Albany. He died in the year 1800.

We again cross the *TOUR*, leaving the hedge-enclosed lot of JOHN V. L. PRUYN upon our left, and proceeding past the WALDRON brown-stone to the monument and sarcophagus of EGBERT EGBERTS. Do you know who first harnessed power to the knitting frame in this country, and who was foremost in developing that important American industry, the knitting business? The stone before us preserves his name. Ask any resident of that "City of the Mills," which was the scene of his labors, to whom, more than to any

other one man, the present importance of the place as a manufacturing district is due, and your answer will doubtless be—"EGBERT EGBERTS."

Another advance shows the names of HOWLAND, ROUSSEAU and EASTON, HOLT, BALDWIN, LOBDELL and MENEELY. Here lies ANDREW MENEELY, whose name is known wherever bells are used throughout the world. Through his ingenuity was effected a complete revolution in the process of bell-making, and a branch of manufacture previously precarious was made to yield ample wealth and enviable reputation.

Opposite MENEELY we read the name of HITCHCOCK, and then come TUCKER, MATHER, HASWELL, WATERMAN, PLATT, LAWRENCE, WASHBURN, STEVENSON and CRANE and CROWNER. This portion of the grounds is popularly known as "The West Troy Ridge," for the reason that a great number of the prominent residents of the place named have here formed a sort of community of their own.

Let us turn sharply to the right, round section

post fifty-eight, and, leaving *WESTERN AVENUE*, notice the monuments of CAMPBELL, VIELE, ANDREWS and McHARG. Now we look easterly along the *TOUR*, which has just been entered, and see the unpretending low granite monument to WILLIAM L. MARCY. Towards it let us advance. We will not presume to enlighten you upon the public history of the illustrious personage whose name it bears, for with that you are probably familiar; but there is a little narrative most pertinent to this occasion, which with your permission we will relate.

This central division of the grounds was purchased from Wm. L. MARCY and others, executors of the estate of Benjamin Knower, by the Cemetery Association. It was then known as the Knower farm. Mr. MARCY was connected with the Knower family by marriage, and was in early life a frequent visitor to this rural retreat. This was some time before the idea of establishing a Rural Cemetery for Albany had taken any definite form. In after life he often alluded to the pleasure

he had realized amid the quiet shades of this grand conservatory of nature's charms. To the very spot where now stands his memorial, he would regularly repair, alone, to indulge in solitary reflection; or, book in hand, to cultivate the acquaintance of a favorite author. The plat of ground which holds his ashes was purchased for him after his death, in consequence of its associations, and in accordance with the frequently expressed preference of the consummate statesman for this selection.

Before proceeding farther, let us look westerly along the crest of this bluff, and observe the Gothic monument to BENJAMIN KNOWER—the gentleman of whom we have spoken in the preceding paragraph. That was a leading name among the solid men of Albany some years ago. At the time of its erection, that monument was considered one of the finest here. It is yet much admired.

From MARCY we move easterly, past FOWLER and GIBBS. We are about to leave the *TOUR*

again, and descend into *CRESCE*NT *WAY*; but first we will notice on the left the large marble monument of SCHUYLER, and the brown-stone of B. F. SMITH. This last named gentleman was once a celebrated architect of Albany, and furnished designs for many of the large and costly monuments here.

As we move on, leaving ROBINSON's free-stone on our left, the marble of OTIS ALLEN is passed, and now we look down from the rear upon BURDEN'S vault, which we will soon approach in front. At the next turn is a stately free-stone, profusely inscribed. It is in itself an interesting history. Among its inscriptions we read a name inseparably associated with one of the greatest scientific institutions in the land. Who but has heard of that well known public monument which stands an enduring evidence of the munificence of that revered lady, Mrs. BLANDINA DUDLEY?

Beyond the turn, and opposite DUDLEY, in the VAN BUREN lot, is a chaste marble cross to "Prince JOHN," and a three-sided brown-stone to

the hardly less illustrious Judge VAN DER POEL. An inscription upon the south side of the cross, reads:

JOHN VAN BUREN,  
SON OF  
MARTIN AND HANNAH  
VAN BUREN.

Born at Hudson, Feb. 10, 1810.

Died at sea, Oct. 13, 1866.

We will next turn from VAN BUREN northerly, and, leaving behind the memorial of this latter-day political celebrity, with whose public history you are probably well acquainted, will pass BAKER and BUCKBEE, and notice the soldier's monument to Col. JOHN WILSON, another of the many martyrs here who died to vindicate a glorious cause.

That exquisite tomb before us, with its watchful canine guardians, may well arrest our attention. It has doubtless called forth more of enthusiastic admiration than any similar architectural production in this country. Casual visitors by the hundred—all unquestionably impartial, and many of

them fully competent to decide by comparison—have conceded to the Albany Rural Cemetery the possession of the model of side-hill tombs.

It is generally understood that this elaborate sepulchre was, in its essential features, at least, designed by Mrs. HENRY BURDEN, a lady of rare gifts, who has for several years been one of its tenants. Look upon the left hand page of that large sculptured book, and read its poetical tribute to her memory.

It is but recently that one of the most remarkable men of the age came here to join his beloved consort in her eternal resting place. We will not undertake to instruct you in detail concerning the history of HENRY BURDEN. If you are familiar with the annals of American enterprise and invention, you must necessarily be aware of his achievements. Of course you have heard of that wonderful machine which, as if born to meet a national emergency, poured forth torrents of iron foot-gear for our army horses during the late war. Then there is the “Niagara of water wheels,” as it has

been poetically termed. You know that this mammoth engine of the Wynantskill Valley has been considered a mechanical marvel by tourists and others, from all parts of the world, for nearly a quarter of a century. The talented clergyman of Troy, who delivered the funeral discourse upon **MR. BURDEN**, pays him this tribute:

“With intellectual powers of a high order, a benignant providence endowed him with an inventive faculty so fertile in resources, and so varied in the practical workings, as to give in the great department of mechanical invention by which the elements of nature are combined, arranged and adjusted, important, new and useful results. The name of **HENRY BURDEN** will be associated with those of Cartwright and Whitney, Fulton and Morse, the products of whose genius are now found in every quarter of the civilized world.”

The structures before us are not the only monuments which serve to perpetuate the **BURDEN** name. Cast a glance easterly, towards those fire-breathing manufactories beyond the Hudson.

Those are the BURDEN Mills. Less than one score years ago their present site was simply a swampy, unappropriated waste. The "Woodside" Church stands high among those distant eastern hills. If we should pay it a visit we might read, upon an elegant tablet within, this inscription: "Woodside Memorial Church, dedicated to the service of the Triune God, has been erected to the memory of HELEN BURDEN, in accordance with her long cherished and earnest desire, 1869." The church was erected by Mr. BURDEN not long before his death. From the charming villa of "Woodside," the BURDEN residence, which is located not far from the religious temple alluded to, the tomb beside us is plainly visible, although we cannot discern the former from here.

Now let us again advance. If we look northerly from BURDEN, we will notice, upon the ascending continuation of *CRESCEANT WAY*, a very odd-looking combination of brown-stone and marble. It is the monument of OZIAS HALL. We will approach it, passing PECK and TRIPP.

The **HALL** structure attracts attention principally for the reason that it helps to gratify that human weakness—a love of variety. Because it does so, it should not, perhaps, be unfavorably criticised, for frequent repetition in monumental design is anything but desirable.

Let us call your attention to a lot opposite **HALL**, containing a rustic cross and three soldiers' headstones. Here lie the **VAUGHN** brothers—a Colonel, a Captain and a Private—three victims of the late rebellion, out of one household.

A little farther ahead, on the same side, we stop to glance at a small, but very pretty monument, to Capt. **JOHN A. MORRIS**, who fell mortally wounded, at the head of his command, near Spottsylvania Court House, on May 19, 1864.

We move ahead, curving and gradually ascending towards the top of the hill, without meeting any memorial of note. On our right is the rugged Ravine, which separates us from the *NORTH RIDGE*. As we accomplish the ascent, and strike the ubiquitous **TOUR** again, the nicely decorated





Lith of G.W.Lewis 452 Broadway, Albany.

ALEXANDER.

lot of J. W. MORANGE is seen upon the left, and back of this the cross-crowned marble of FITCHETT. In the same line with the last are the monuments of LINEY and DANN, and then, as we proceed westerly along the Ravine, the headstones of BENNETT are observed.

Now several lots are passed before we reach the monument of SILLIMAN, ALEXANDER and FINCH. In the lot upon which this stands, there rests a former wealthy and honored citizen of West Troy. He was familiarly known as "Captain" SILLIMAN. His high-toned estimate of what constitutes integrity, and whole-souled abhorrence of the modern tricks of trade, were his distinguishing characteristics. Although not injudiciously benevolent, he was always prompt to help those who seemed disposed to help themselves. He proved, by amassing an easy competence, always keeping in view the rights of his fellow man, that trickery was not essential to worldly success. He believed that a man's word ought to be his bond, and he left a record in accordance with that doctrine.

Before advancing much farther, we see Dell Cross Bridge, which spans the Ravine to the right, and opens communication from here with the *NORTH RIDGE*. But let us postpone our inspection of that portion of the grounds for the present, and turn sharply to the right into *DELL WOOD AVENUE*—the alluring road which runs easterly along the south side of the Ravine.

Now a pleasant five minutes' stroll will bring us to the eastern limits of the Cemetery. As we move along, we will narrate to you an interesting incident concerning that division of the grounds which we have just reviewed.

The commission appointed to locate the State Lunatic Asylum, once visited what is now the *MIDDLE RIDGE* of the Albany Rural Cemetery, and decided that here should be the site of that Institution. A prominent New York gentleman, named Wilber, who was one of the commission, was particularly enthusiastic in his praise of the location; and his associates, among whom was the present President of this Cemetery, unanimously concurred in the

opinion that the site was surpassingly eligible. Had it not been that some insuperable obstacle prevented the purchase of the grounds at that time, these lofty hills around would now answer back a mocking echo to the discordant shrieks of the madman, instead of listening in quiet sympathy to the whispered prayer or stifled sigh of those bereaved.

But we have emerged from the Ravine. As we reach the point where *DELLWOOD AVENUE* joins the *TOUR*, we see the Receiving Vault to the right. We have looked upon nearly every noteworthy object upon the *MIDDLE RIDGE*, and will now turn our attention to the Northern Division of the grounds.

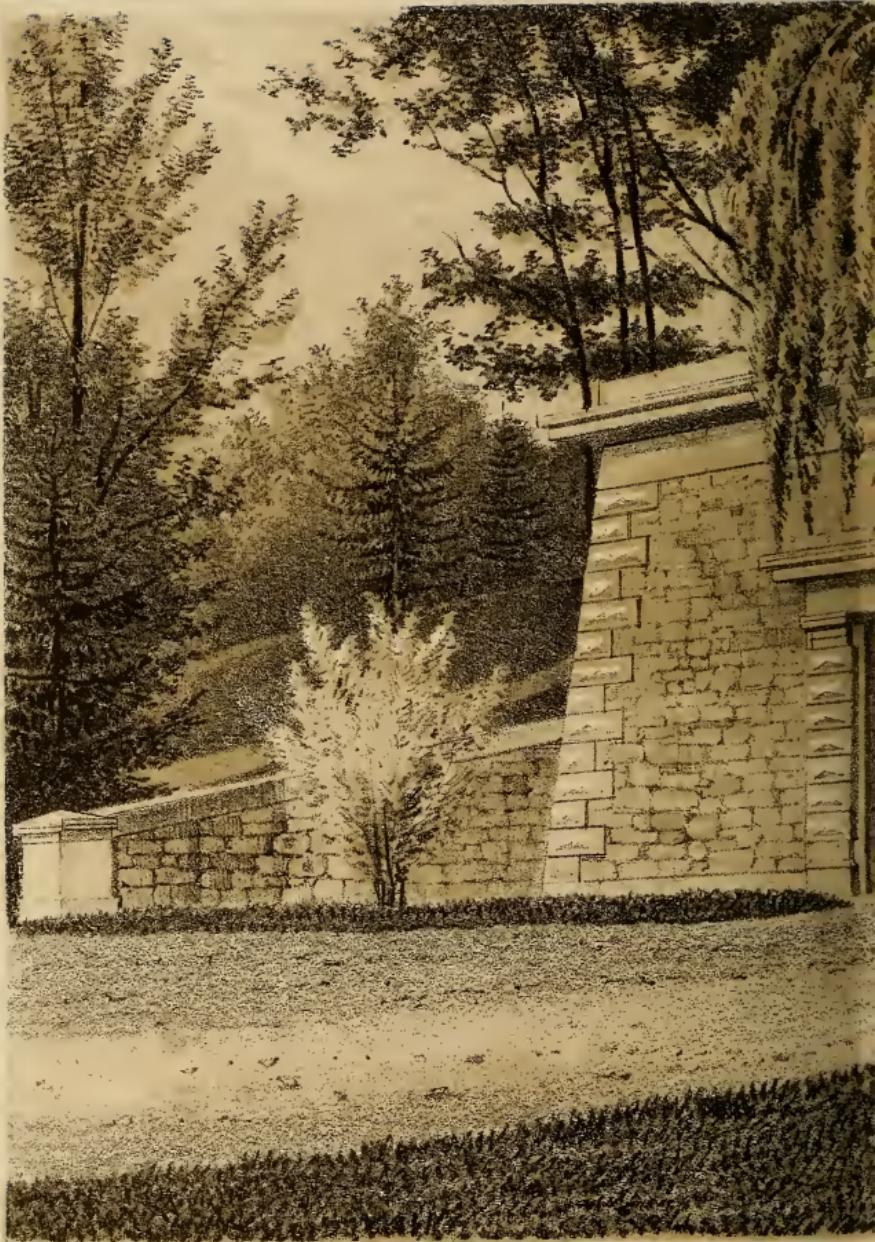
## NORTH RIDGE.

AS we stand near the Receiving Vault and glance northerly, we observe, upon an elevation beyond, the prominent edifice of JOHN F. WINSLOW. The *TOUR* will lead us to it. Let us advance and ascend. Moving along past the memorial of the MAYELL family, we proceed by COLBURN, SLASON, AGNEW, DANKER, McCALL and SCHWARTZ.

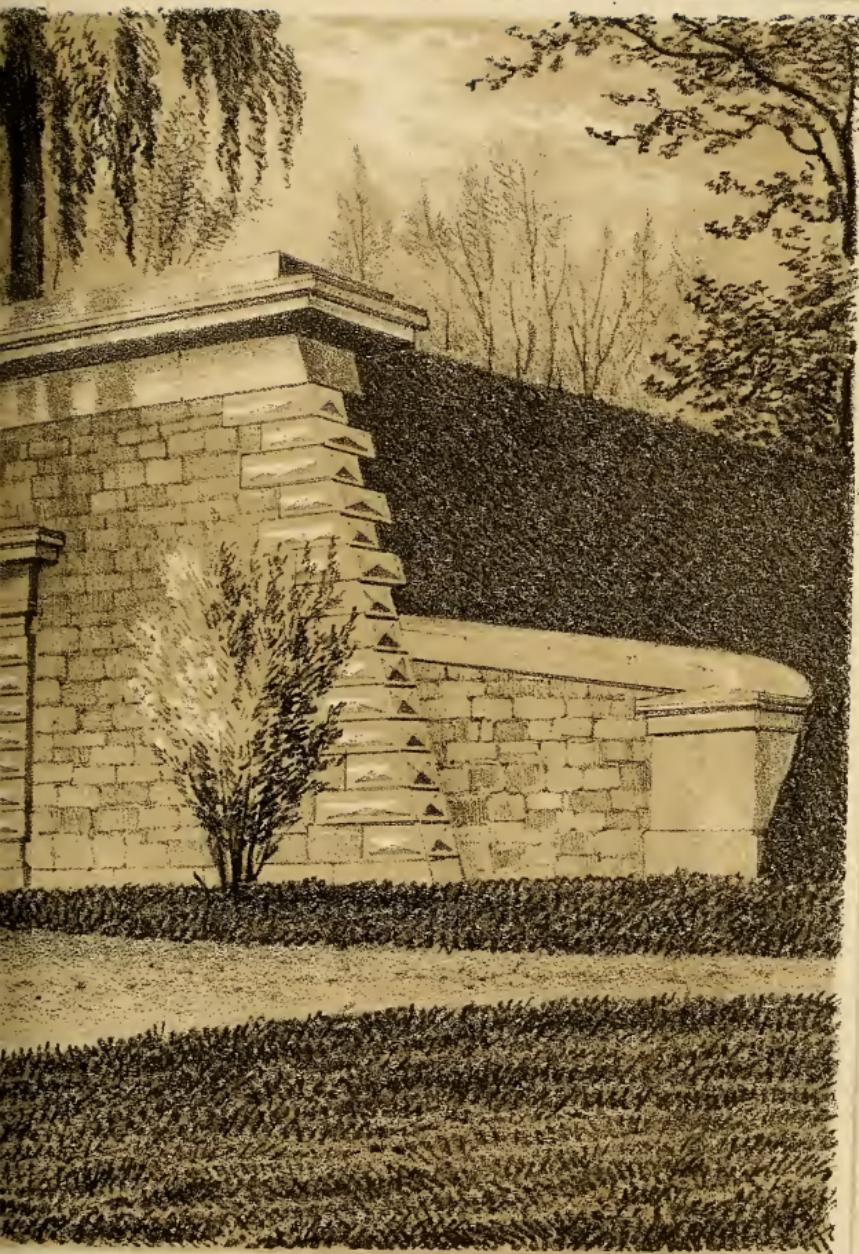
We have reached WINSLOW's Gothic chapel. This is by far the most costly structure, of any kind, which these grounds contain, and its location is certainly one of the most desirable here. Its owner, as you may be aware, is a king among the great iron manufacturers of the country. Its material is of different varieties, but the enduring granite prevails. It has stood here now for many years; but you see, from the well-kept pebbled paths, the clean, close shaven sward, the general neatness of its surroundings, that with the lapse of time its interests are not forgotten.

You will probably commend this laudable pride;





RECEIV



Lith of G.W.Lewis 452 Broadway Albany.

V A U L T .



but you may also ask how the future preservation of this, or of any similar costly structure, can be assured? Who will jealously guard it against decay after its present owner shall have been “resolved to earth again,” and the nearest descendant of the third or fourth generation hence shall have become apathetic as to the wishes of the former regarding it? We answer, that all deplorable contingencies are forestalled by the Trust Fund system, which places the remedy in the hands of the original owner.

There are now in this Cemetery quite a number of “funded” lots. A certain sum of money is deposited with the President of the Association, the interest of which, or such portion of it as may be necessary, is applied to the keeping the lot and its accessories well preserved. The unexpended interest is allowed to accumulate to meet extraordinary repairs—such, for instance, as the replacing of any portion of a structure. This system is rapidly gaining in favor, and its advantages will yet be embraced by many lot owners here, who now, in

the flush of health and vigor, prefer to take care, personally, of their own cemetery property.

Again let us proceed. The *TOUR* curves westerly as it approaches the WINSLOW edifice upon the south. We will leave this structure upon the right, and pass JOHN M. PECK and MOORE. Opposite is the oval pillar of CHAMBERS, and as we cross the Dell ahead, we pass COBB's vault and approach that of VISSCHER. Here the *TOUR* winds suddenly towards the east, and, turning with it, we pass FISHER, SMITH, SLACK, McBURNEY and MURDOCK.

Now the *TOUR* describes a regular curve, and we soon look upwards towards two monuments upon the northeast corner of the high bank to the left. One of these—the marble—bears a very suggestive inscription. It belongs to the STRAIN family. We will soon reach it.

Turning westerly, we skirt the bank of another, and the most northerly of those deep ravines, in the possession of which these grounds differ so favorably from the majority of cemeteries. We

soon see section post seventy-eight upon the right. Here the direction of the *TOUR* is again suddenly reversed, and turning abruptly to the left, we proceed easterly towards the STRAIN monument, to read that significant inscription before spoken of:  
“FIRST INTERMENT AND MONUMENT IN THE CEMETERY.”

The first interment here perpetuated, was that of DAVID STRAIN, aged twenty-one years, who was interred in May, 1845. The population of this place has increased wonderfully since that time. If this person had lived on until our day—and remember, he had already crossed the dividing line between man and boy—he would be scarcely beyond the meridian of life. He would still be engaged in pursuing “his favorite phantom,” as we now pursue ours—would think the intervening time merely a swift-winged shadow—would believe his life only well begun—would anticipate new triumphs, and would look forward, perhaps, to many years of health and happiness; and yet how very many have been garnered into this granary  
9\*

of death in the short period that has elapsed since his burial. One solitary mound here then—now, thousands upon thousands.

You will observe that the STRAIN monument well stands the wind and weather. Other succeeding memorials have completely succumbed to their destroying influences. Some have been rebuilt or repaired; but this still remains intact, without crack or flaw to vitiate its durability. It was erected by JOSEPH STRAIN, an old and prominent Albanian, who has since made his bed beside it. And in this connexion would it not be interesting to know who built the first monument here? That man was JOSEPH DIXON, who now lies upon the *SOUTH RIDGE*, and who was once an extensive marble manufacturer of Albany.

Now let us turn from this pioneer of the “Silent City,” and observe the brown-stone of HIRAM PERRY. This variety of stone was once very popular here, and the place is adorned by some very fine free-stone monuments among the older erections. But human tastes change, like all things

in this changeable world, and now a free-stone is seldom introduced.

Next to PERRY is the tall marble of MESICK, and on our right are the elegant structures of GOULD. That sarcophagus will probably bear comparison with any similar memorial here. Mark well the artistic excellence of that small winged figure.

This swelling knoll is called *LANDSCAPE HILL*. Now round GOULD, westerly, and on by LITTLE, BORN, WESTERLO and the lot of JOHN DISNEY. Farther on is the draped marble of LOCKWOOD, and just beyond, the *Tour* turns southerly, bringing us past the slender granite obelisk of JOHN THOMAS.

On the left is one of the most neatly decorated lots we have yet seen. Let us move to the front, and upon the marble steps read the name of J. W DUNHAM. That urn-guarded entrance we will admire. Those pure white headstones are richly wrought in emblematic flowers; and, better still, real, living flowers, most scrupulously tended by

some careful hand, are lining the enclosure, and crowning that central mound. We do not often see a prettier picture.

Upon our right is a fine granite vault, and in front we look upon that sacred memento of our late national tribulation, the Soldiers' Ground. We will defer our observations upon this until we approach it on the other side.

Let us move ahead in the *TOUR*, crossing *PINE GROVE AVENUE*, until we stand beside section post seventy-four, and directly north of the soldiers' monument. Here *BUENA VISTA TURN* runs into the *TOUR* from an easterly direction. We will leave the latter and take the first named road, because there is a monument at the turn below, to which we would direct your attention. A short walk brings in view BURT's large marble—the object in question.

BURT'S was considered a noble structure once; and so it was—in appearance. You observe that it is giving out in all directions. That die is the weak point. It is fast crumbling away, and must

soon fail to support the heavy shaft above. It is not a solid piece, as you discover at a glance, but consists of four frail marble tablets, surrounding an inner block of masonry. Those corner scrolls have involved considerable labor in their execution. Pity that so much good work should have been sacrificed to a single oversight!

We are on *ARBOR HILL*. Let us be sure and not lose the strikingly picturesque view spread out below and beyond. Not an elevation upon these grounds lends to the vision greater scope, or presents a scene of rarer beauty. There is the tur-  
reted iron mart of the Upper Hudson, visible to its northernmost limits, with its dim background of climbing peaks “buried in air” beyond. A closer view brings within range an animated panorama of smoke-wreathed steamers and multiform sailing craft, upon the bosom of that grand estuary of the Atlantic, made famous years ago by the achievements of a Fulton. The eye now droops from those distant glories, roves over cultivated fields, or, nearer still, looks down upon the sloping

carpet of verdure, stretching away to the eastern limits of this last estate of man.

Now before advancing farther, permit us to give you our opinion of the merits of this part of the Cemetery. We believe it to be the finest division of these wonderfully diversified grounds. Where else can be found such alluring curves—such lofty, precipitous banks, and undulating roads—such deep ravines and swelling knolls—such charming vision of hill and dale—such a combination of the requisites that go to make up the grand and beautiful in landscape scenery.

After noticing the large granite below, of J. B. JERMAIN, we turn westerly, around BURT. Now the road gently rises, and passing BANCROFT, ALVORD, THOMAS, LEDDY, McDUFFIE and GILLESPIE, we again approach the Soldiers' Ground.

This great repository of the patriotic dead is marked by nearly one hundred and fifty mounds. That unfinished monument was intended to support a bust, in bronze, of Abraham Lincoln, and to be clothed in metallic tablets, which were to

display the names of those who rest beneath those grassy heaps. For some unexplained reason it has never been completed, although that pedestal has stood there since February, 1870.

If those who were commissioned to rear a fitting memorial to Albany's bravest and best, have forgotten to pay an honest debt, the general public, certainly, have not forgotten the respect due their memory. Once a year these mounds are bestrown with floral offerings. Once a year the merchant leaves his counting room, the clerk his desk, the artisan his bench, the man of leisure his trifling employments, the servant her kitchen drudgery, the dainty lady her home comforts, and all join in doing homage over the turf that covers this silent colony of martyrs.

In approaching the Soldiers' Ground upon this side, we have again struck the *TOUR*. We follow on, westerly, for some distance, without meeting any object of note. But now the large marble obelisk to HENDRICK HALLENBAKE attracts the eye. There are a number of other monuments in

the same lot, and their inscriptions show a diversity of names. This is one of the most noticeable private plats in the Cemetery. Noticeable, not on account of any excess of artistic display, but because of an indescribable something in its appearance which tells us that it has a history. The name which that large shaft bears is prominent in Albany annals, principally in consequence of the very circumstance which has here induced a number of persons to make common cause. During the first half of the last century, a portion of his farm was appropriated by HENDRICK HALLENBAKE to the purposes of a family burial ground. The ground then set apart is now in the heart of Albany city, although the removal to this Cemetery of the old remains, some of which had been there for more than a century, occurred as recently as the year 1860. Previous to this, for obvious reasons, the ground had become undesirable as a burial place, and, with the concurrence of the Legislature, the property was sold for taxes by the order of John O. Cole, Lewis Benedict, William Austin and

Alexander McHarg, who had been appointed trustees. It was purchased for these trustees for a period of a thousand years. They sold a portion of the property, and with a part of the proceeds bought this lot and that monument to HENDRICK HALLENBAKE. The above named trustees, with others, now own this lot.

From HALLENBAKE the *Tour* bears northerly, and in it we proceed by the marble of FONDA to the brown-stone of JOHN BRIDGFORD. You have heard of this noted builder before. His name has frequently been mentioned, of late, in connexion with that gigantic State enterprise, the Capitol, at Albany. Next to BRIDGFORD is the slender brown-stone of A. M. WHEELER, and opposite stands JONATHAN KIDNEY'S small monument.

Here we are at *ARBOR WATER*, which we will leave on our left as we move on. This little lakelet is an artificial reservoir for the convenience of those lot owners in the vicinity who give personal attention to their own plants and flowers. The facilities afforded by it for procuring water, as

compared with the former lack of such an accommodation, will cause this little improvement to be highly appreciated.

Now we leave the *TOUR*, turning northeasterly into *UNION AVENUE*, past section post eighty-six on our left. On every side are graded sections of eligible ground, which have recently been prepared for sale. We turn westerly round section eighty-six, into *VERNAL AVENUE*. We observe that the roads here are superior to those of any other portion of the grounds. They are broad, smooth, hard and gracefully curving.

Passing the SHAEFER monument, we turn north-erly into *ELM WOOD AVENUE*, past section post eighty-five, to our right. Let us move straight ahead, by section post eighty-four, and just beyond turn westerly. We pass CONLY, and move on, still westerly, by the next section ahead to the left, which we will turn round southerly. But first let us glance to the north and observe the Public Lots. You understand that these lots are laid out in portions of a sufficient size to admit of a single

interment. This arrangement is intended to accommodate those who either do not desire, or are unable to purchase a burial plat of greater dimensions. A portion of the public ground is specially designated the "Home of the Friendless." But very few of the graves in that monotonous plantation are distinguished by memorials. Occasionally a simple headstone tells the name of the sleeper beneath; and sometimes, too, a modest shrub, a small bouquet, or a few fresh flowers, bear testimony to the fact that the tenant of this grave, or that, is fondly remembered.

We turn now, to the left, leaving section post ninety-six on our right, and moving easterly into and along *WILD ROSE AVENUE*. The lot of G. W. KILBURN is passed, then the monument of the DOLE family and the memorials of ALEXANDER, LANSING, SIMPSON, HUGHES, TOWNSEND and BRAYTON.

To the left, on the corner, we see section post ninety-three. We turn in the opposite direction, southerly, and reach a portion of the *TOUR*, which

we pursue easterly, past WILBER, HINKLE, HETRICK and STORRS. That isolated lot, and monument in front, belong to WILLIAM SAWYER.

We again turn southerly, this time to the right, and cross past the marble of PHILLIPS to still another portion of the *TOUR*. The road slopes easterly, and we descend by ANDERSON, COURNEY, and the six-sided shaft of CHAPIN.

Here is Dell Bridge again. We will cross and take *DELL WOOD AVENUE* once more, through the Ravine, for we cannot finish our survey of these grounds more delightfully than by moving down this shady, sinuous passage towards the entrance. Before leaving the Bridge, however, let us turn to the west and peer downward, through the envious foliage, for a glimpse of *INDIAN LAKE*.

We have now traversed the avenue last named, and will move round to the front side of the Receiving Vault. This is not the original structure. The old vault was located near the entrance, in the centre of the foregrounds. Although while it stood it was found fully adequate to the demands

upon its capacity, it was unfavorably situated. This fact, together with the prospective necessity for a larger place of temporary deposit, to meet the fast increasing wants of the Cemetery in this direction, hastened the event of its demolition; and the structure before us was erected to supply its place, in the year 1858. In the selection of the present site of the Vault, the best of judgment was evinced. It is convenient to the entrance, and yet not too near. Although not an elegant structure, it is solid and substantial. It was constructed by John Bridgford, the noted Albany builder of whom we have previously spoken.

As we continue our progress towards the entrance, we see upon that hill to the right the large marble monument of SUMNER, CLARK and CORNELL, and then the oval memorial of VERNAM. Farther on, the stables are passed, and we look down upon the most easterly of the lakes. It is appropriately named *ORIENT LAKE*. That pretty, rustic house, which furnishes a home for the water fowl that animate the reservoir below, is neat  
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enough for a rural cottage. But we can scarcely say as much for that uncouth vault of brick, above. If not a positive eyesore, it is far from being ornamental, and it is consolatory to know that the rules of this institution, as now administered, prohibit all additions to the present number of such unsightly erections upon these grounds.

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We have succeeded in pretty thoroughly exploring the Albany Rural Cemetery, and now, before reaching the end of this little manual, a few general observations, perhaps, will not be considered obtrusive.

As far as the native merits of the "Rural" are concerned, we will hazard the assertion that it is not excelled in any one feature by any cemetery in the country. On the other hand, it possesses all those advantages which, individually or in pairs, seem to form sources of congratulation to persons interested in other institutions of the kind.

There are grounds devoted to the same purpose,

that combine all its diversity of topographical outline with a rocky, barren, uninviting exterior, which this has not. Some are blessed with its diversity and natural verdure, but lack its copious, clear, perennial streams. Others, again, have its abundance of water, its verdure, its unobjectionable soil, but are without that charming combination of hill and dale, of scene and prospect, for which it is pre-eminently distinguished. Many like institutions may boast of their particular advantages, but here is that approximation to inherent perfection which fully satisfies even the most fatiduous lover of the sublime and beautiful in nature, and leaves nothing to be desired in the way of adaptedness to the requisites of a burial place.

As a general thing it is difficult—especially in the case of a person who is a lot owner in Greenwood or in some similar place of equal pretensions—to meet a stranger who is willing to admit that the second oldest town in the Union may possibly bury its dead in the first of Rural Cemeteries—first in well founded claims to a lead-

ing place, we mean. There are exceptions, however, and now and then a visitor from a distance appears, who voluntarily sacrifices his home partialities to his honest convictions, and expresses himself accordingly.

We consider it a suggestive fact that a great number of the lot owners here are non-residents. Among these are persons living in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and other localities, which, as far at least as this class of institutions is concerned, have no affinity whatever for Albany.

Now, how many persons go from this vicinity to New York, Chicago or Cincinnati to select a burial site? And why is it that proprietary interests are held in our Cemetery by those who would certainly purchase nearer home if personal convenience alone was consulted? We believe that the anomaly finds its explanation in the attractions of the place itself—in the irresistible allurements of its ever-varying landscape—in the many beauties that unite to make up the sum total of its expressive scenery.

## EPITOME OF THE ROUTE.

*TOUR*, between 1\* and 2, to *MOUNT WAY*.

*MOUNT WAY*, between 3 and 4, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 3 and 5, to *GLEN CROSS WAY*.

*GLEN CROSS WAY*, between 5 and 6, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 6 and 7, thence round 39, to *PROSPECT AVENUE*.

*PROSPECT AVENUE*, by 37, on left, to *WILD FLOWER AVENUE*.

*WILD FLOWER AVENUE*, between 34 and 35, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 31 and 32, to *PROSPECT AVENUE*.

*PROSPECT AVENUE*, between 30 and 31, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 30 and 33, thence between 26 and 43, to *SPRUCE AVENUE*.

*SPRUCE AVENUE*, between 25 and 43, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 25 and 44, thence between 21 and 24, thence between 21 and 22, thence between 18 and 21, to *LAWN AVENUE*.

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\* The figures denote the sections on the map.

*LAWN AVENUE*, between 20 and 21, thence between 15 and 21, thence between 14 and 15, thence between 13 and 15, to *GREENWOOD AVENUE*.

*GREENWOOD AVENUE*, between 8 and 12, to *ROSELAND WAY*.

*ROSELAND WAY*, between 9 and 12, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 11 and 12, to *OAK FOREST WAY*.

*OAK FOREST WAY*, between 12 and 19, thence between 17 and 18, to *GREENWOOD AVENUE*.

*GREENWOOD AVENUE*, between 16 and 18, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 16 and 20, thence between 15 and 16, to *GREENWOOD AVENUE*.

*GREENWOOD AVENUE*, between 8 and 13, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 6 and 8, thence between 6 and 9, thence between 3 and 10, by *CONSECRATION LAKE*, to *RAVINE SIDE WAY*.

*RAVINE SIDE WAY*, between 56 and 57, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 54 and 56, to *WESTERN AVENUE*.

*WESTERN AVENUE*, between 53 and 54, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 52 and 54, to *HEMLOCK AVENUE*.

*HEMLOCK AVENUE*, between 45 and 52, to *WESTERN AVENUE*.

*WESTERN AVENUE*, between 50 and 52, thence between 53 and 54, thence between 55 and 56, thence between 58 and 59, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 59 and 62, thence between 61 and 62, to *CRESCEENT WAY*.

*CRESCEENT WAY*, between 61 and 62, thence between 60 and 61, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 59 and 60, thence between 53 and 60, to *DELL WOOD AVENUE*.

*DELL WOOD AVENUE*, between 60 and 65, thence between 64 and 65, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 65 and 66, thence between 71 and 72, thence between 70 and 73, thence between 70 and 76, thence between 76 and 77, thence between 76 and 80, thence between 73 and 75, to *BUENA VISTA TURN*.

*BEUNA VISTA TURN*, between 73 and 74, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 73 and 75, thence between 75 and 87, to *UNION AVENUE*.

*UNION AVENUE*, between 81 and 86, to *VERNAL AVENUE*.

*VERNAL AVENUE*, between 85 and 86, to *ELM WOOD AVENUE*.

*ELM WOOD AVENUE*, between 85 and 88, thence between 84 and 94, thence between 94 and 95, to *MEADOW AVENUE*.

*MEADOW AVENUE*, between 93 and 95, thence between 93 and 96, to *WILD ROSE AVENUE*.

*WILD ROSE AVENUE*, between 92 and 93, thence between 92 and 94, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 88 and 89, to *TOUR CROSS WAY*.

*TOUR CROSS WAY*, between 87 and 89, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, between 73 and 90, to *DELL WOOD AVENUE*.

*DELL WOOD AVENUE*, between 60 and 65, to *TOUR*.

*TOUR*, past Receiving Vault, thence to entrance.

## APPENDIX.

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### EMBLEMS.

THE idea of closing this little work with a short appendix, touching upon emblems, was incidentally suggested to the writer of these pages, and had no direct connexion with his original design.

To those who are well versed in symbolical language, it will doubtless seem absurd to assume that a great number of persons, otherwise intelligent, are unacquainted with the meaning of the emblems in common use in our cemeteries. But we have the most indisputable evidence that such is the fact. Walk with us through the "Rural," and we will show you a dozen proofs.

In one instance, here, a full blown rose is wrought upon the memorial of a little child. Again can be seen a rose-bud among the emblems of a headstone which marks the resting place of

an old lady who lived to count her three-score and ten, if we may believe the inscription. Other cases show a still greater deviation from propriety.

In the instance first cited, the misapplication can neither be attributed to a lack of means, nor of ordinary intelligence, on the part of the lot owner. He is a gentleman well to do, and a person who could, if he chose, make time to investigate the emblem question whenever circumstances might intimate the necessity.

If the rearing of ornamental memorials were of frequent occurrence with each individual, it is probable that the signification of emblematic devices would be better understood; but as this is not the case, it is seldom that the subject is thought worthy of much attention. Especially does this remark apply to the busy man of the world, who, being ardently engaged "in the struggle for power or the scramble for pelf," never thinks of studying up matters of so little apparent importance. Now, why not consider the "eternal fitness of things" in the erection of a memorial, however small, as

well as in the building of a house, or in the execution of any other project? If "whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," we think that the adornments of the grave are fully entitled to the benefit of the maxim.

In seeking an explanation of the abuses to which we have called attention, we were curious enough to interview several prominent dealers in stone, upon the question. Our inquiries tended to show that a great number of those who purchase memorials have not the faintest conception of what is appropriate. Sculptured flowers and figures are considered by them merely as ornaments, without any regard to their symbolical relations. The result of this frequently is, that a stone is selected simply because it is handsomely embellished, and the age of the person whose memory it is intended to preserve, is never taken into consideration.

The fault may sometimes be attributable to that eminently human failing, a disposition to imitate. For instance, a person loses a child and wishes to adorn its grave with some pretty design, in stone.

The first step is to look over the cemetery. The most attractive specimen is sought as a model, rather than the most suitable; and the consequence is, that a garland in which the principal emblems are acorns with oak leaves, or some other device equally unsuitable for a child, will often be found contradicting an inscription below.

It may be urged that a conscientious dealer would guard the purchaser against such improprieties as those spoken of. Some do this, no doubt, but as a general thing we must consider that it is the business of the former to sell his wares, rather than to teach æsthetics. As the world goes, it would perhaps be unreasonable to expect him to interfere with the decision of his patron, if by so doing he incurred the risk of losing a good sale.

We have been unable to discover that any printed work, devoted exclusively to an exposition of the meaning of emblems, is procurable. The reason probably is, that the subject cannot easily be amplified to the dimensions of a book. We have a reliable reference in the Encyclopedia. But

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in this work the names of the flowers and figures used as types of idea and sentiment are not classified; and it requires a tedious search to glean much information in the direction indicated, from such sources. The poetical "Language of flowers" gives some little insight into the matter; but its definitions are too vague and general to afford much that is practically available in the way of instruction. For the sake of illustration, we quote:

"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,  
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;  
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,  
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Innocence dwells in the lily's bell,  
Pure as a heart in its native heaven;  
Fame's bright star and glories swell  
By the glossy leaf of the bay are given.

"The silent, soft and humble heart  
In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes,  
And the tender soul that cannot part,  
A twine of evergreens fondly wreathes.

"The cypress that darkly shades the grave,  
Is sorrow that mourns its bitter lot;  
And faith that a thousand ills can brave,  
Speaks in thy blue leaves, 'Forget-me-not.'"

The necessary limits of a Hand Book, which is designed to be small enough for convenience, require that we should refrain from enlarging too extensively upon this supplementary topic. As we believe that this book has already reached those limits, we will conclude with a short list of emblems, with their meanings. The list comprises some of those most frequently misapplied.

*Rose-bud*: Morning of life.

*Morning Gloria*: Beginning of life.

*Butterfly*: Short lived—an early death.

*Full-blown Rose*: Prime of life.

*Lily*: Emblem of innocence and purity.

*Palm branch*: Emblem of victory and rejoicing.

*Ivy*: Friendship and immortality.

*Laurel*: Emblem of fame or victory. It is found about the Mediterranean, and was early used to crown the victor in the games of Apollo.

*Oak leaves and Acorn*: Maturity, or a ripe old age.

*Weeping Willow*: Emblem of sorrow.

*Corn*: Ripe old age.

*Sheaf of Wheat*: Ripe for the harvest.

*Poppy*: Emblem of sleep.

*Lotus*: Emblem of sleep.

*Lamb*: Emblem of innocence.

*Dove*: Emblem of innocence, gentleness and affection. In scripture it is used as the typical emblem or symbol of the Holy Ghost.

*Cherub*: Angelic. A symbolical figure frequently mentioned in scripture, and used as a part of the embellishment of the tabernacle.

*American Eagle*: Surrounded by the stars and stripes, signifying eternal vigilance and universal liberty.

*Hour Glass*: With wings of time attached, representing time flying—shortness of life.

*Cross*: Emblem of faith.

*Anchor*: Emblem of hope.

*Broken Ring*: The family circle severed.

*Broken Column*: The head of the family.

*Torch inverted*: Life extinct.

*Urn, with blaze*: Undying friendship.

*Harp*: Praise to the Maker.



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